

The Crittenden Press.

VOLUME 25.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 14, 1904.

NUMBER 33

CLIFTONS GREAT

Some Merchants

Advertise just what they have for sale and tell the truth about it. Some print fairy tales. We print nothing in this advertisement but a simple, straight forward story of store news. We tell you frankly that we want to clean out—to make a clean sweep of entire stock of Clothing to make room for the Spring and Summer Goods soon to come in. We not only want the room, but more than that, we want the money that is tied up in these goods to put in new goods.



It will Certainly

Pay you to spend a few minutes in the carefully examination of the very unusual offerings as described in this advertisement, as you will surely save many dollars by making your purchases during this sale.

We want you to come expecting good big values for your money, and you will not be disappointed.

OF

Entire Stock of Clothing!

BEGINS SATURDAY, JAN. 16th, AND CLOSSES SATURDAY, JAN. 30th, 1904.

\$5000 Stock of the Cleanest and Best Clothing Ever Brought to Marion to be sold at Sacrifice Prices.

The goods we offer during this sale are not old shop-worn or out-of-date stuff, but just exactly what we claim them to be, "the Best Lot of Clothing in Marion," embracing our entire stock. Positively nothing reserved. The knife has been sent to the very bone of every piece of Clothing in our store. Winter Suits, Spring Suits, Summer Suits, or all-the-year-round Suits. No difference what you want they all go alike.

All of our Regular \$5.00 Suits for.....	3.50	Big lot of our Regular \$12.00 and \$12.50 Suits of the Celebrated Kirschbaum Hand-Made Suits as good as you can buy any where for the above price. Your Choice for...	7.48	A like Reduction on all of our Boys' and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats.		All of our Mens' regular \$8.50 and \$9.00 Overcoats for	5.98
All of Regular \$6.00 and \$6.50 Suits for.....	4.00			One little lot of Mens' Regular \$4.50 Overcoats for	2.98	All of our Mens' Regular \$10 Overcoats for.....	6.98
All of our Regular \$7.50 Suits for.....	4.98	Big lot of our Regular \$12.50, \$14.00 and \$15.00 Suits. The best lot of Suits in Marion. Your Choice for.....	9.48	All of our Mens' Regular \$5.00 Overcoats for.....	3.50	Choice of our Mens' Regular \$12.00, \$14.00 and \$15.00 Overcoats for.....	9.48
All of our Regular \$8.50 and \$9.00 Suits for.....	5.98			All of our Mens' Regular \$6.50 Overcoats for.....	4.00	SOME BARGAINS IN COATS AND VESTS	

We know of no stronger magnet to draw people to our store than to convince them that we will save them money. THIS YOU CAN DO BY ATTENDING THIS SALE. When we advertise a cut price sale you know from experience that it means something to the purchasing public. It means that every thrifty, fore-handed person should seize the opportunity to procure many of their present and future needs at prices that will prove to the shrewdest buyer that it pays to attend our sales. If you need a suit now or will need one this spring now is your opportunity.

Don't Wait until all the Best Things are Gone! Come Early and Bring your Friend!

Ladies Jackets.

All of our Ladies \$3.50 and \$4.00 Jackets, for \$2.50.
All of our Ladies 5.00 and 6.00 Jackets, for \$3.75.
All of our Ladies 7.50 and 8.50 Jackets, for \$5.48.
All of our Ladies 10.00 and 12.50 Jackets, for \$7.48.

REMEMBER THE DATE!
CLIFTONS,

Main St., - - Marion, Ky.

Big Reduction in Mens' Pants!

\$1.50 Pants for	\$1.10
\$2.00 Pants for	1.50
\$2.50 Pants for	1.98
\$3.00 Pants for	2.25
\$3.50 Pants for	2.50
\$4.00 Pants for	2.75

TRIBUTE BY A SON

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN W. CONWAY.

Thursday evening, Dec. 17th, 1903, at seven forty-five o'clock, at my old home, Father fell asleep in Jesus.

Death is a mysterious and august visitant. He can not come but by the divine will. It seems that death is only an usher into the presence of the King. The room of a dying child of God is the very anti-chamber of Heaven. I never felt so near to God as when Father went to be with Jesus that Thursday night.

"I can not say, and I will not say That he is dead—he is just away" And yet, while the gospel sheds a halo of sweetness o'er the soul, and brings heaven's love to our hearts, and faith in the future immortality of light and life to us, the human affections of our hearts linger and weeps for its great loss.

No more on earth to see his face or hear his kindly voice or welcome footfall, upon the old home floor, or grasp that hand—no more no more! We feel, we can but feel, "One touch of the vanished hand, One note of the voice that is still" would be a joy to home—which shall never come again.

O, how true he was to us all! His life was one of a noble, self-sacrificing love. He thought and labored for our good. There is no home more empty than ours without him. We feel as Longfellow sweetly sings,

"Dying, he leaves a memory like the death,
Of summers, full of sunshine and showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere."

He was a man that was, either at church, or attending to business, or at home.

I knew him long and intimately and as a son, I looked upon him as one of the noblest of men. A man with tender and fine feeling, open and frank in all his convictions; courageous always for what he thought was truth. Never did I hear an impure word fall from his lips. He was a man, at least to me, of a pure mind. Not that he was faultless, for no one was more conscious of his need of divine help. No, it was the work of Christ in his life which shone out. Truly can I say of him, "Rich in saving common sense And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime."

These qualities made his life on earth so dear to his children, and we weep because our noble father has left us to struggle without him. His great gain is our earthly loss we feel; yet God knows the best, and his will be done. He was best of all, a firm believer in Jesus Christ, and he could say in truth,

"That sweet comfort was mine,
When the power divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;

When by faith I believed
Oh what joy I received
What a heaven in Jesus, sweet name!

Jesus all the day long was his joy and his song."

On the road of life and business, as he pressed his horse on with energy and life, you could hear him cheerfully humming the sweet songs of Zion. Perhaps there is not a soul in all his neighborhood that does not carry the memory of the songs they have heard, as this true soldier breathed them out from a courageous heart of faith. That voice is silent, but today the strains of that song he loved so well rings in our hearts.

"We are toiling up the way
Narrow way, narrow way.
We have journeyed many a day,
Many a day,
Toward the Kingdom."

Never did he miss his Saturday church meeting or Sunday School or prayer meeting unless he was unwell. He was a man of busi-

ness but he put Christ's work first. He loved his pastors and always delighted to have them with him, and talk about the truth of the Bible, the great doctrine of God's word. He was a strong believer in God electing love, and salvation alone by grace through faith. He trusted his salvation alone to the merits of the crucified, and now risen and glorified Saviour. He loved the Christ and his will was to him a constraining and positive law, and he delighted to follow it as far as he was enabled by light divine, and shall we not, who mourn his death, not as those who have no hope, say to Christ, thy will be done?—yes, My Saviour as thou wilt, All shall be well for me, Each changing future scene I gladly trust with thee, Straight to my home above. And sing in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done.

The Lord blessed Father with noble ancestors. He was of Welsh descent. In the language of one who knew we write the following of his noble ancestors:

"For generations back our ancestors have been good and noble people. I have heard grandfather John Conway say that his ancestors fought under Oliver Cromwell. Grandfather had five brothers, I think, who fought through the revolutionary war. I heard him say he was the youngest son, and was eleven when the battle of Yorktown was fought, and saw Cornwallis' army as Washington and Lafayette marched them through his father's plantation.

They lived in Fannin county, Virginia. Grandfather was a good man; used to preach sometimes, was a great Bible student, could repeat chapter after chapter by memory. The beauty of it was, he conformed his life to its holy teachings. * * * Nearly 110 years ago he with his wife, newly married, and an old family servant and her child crossed the Alleghany mountains on horseback and came to the wilds of Kentucky.

* * * finally settling in Trimble county, Kentucky, in the hills three miles South of Madison, Indiana. Madison was not thought of then. There on a small, rather unproductive farm he raised a large family, five sons and two daughters, named William, Polly, John, Peter, Thomas, James, Mary. In 1812 he buried his wife and two small children in the same grave. * * * He was left in a howling wilderness with seven small children, the oldest 16. No stores, no factories, no steamboats then.

It was in 1812 my mother saw the first steamboat that came down the Ohio river (a sorry affair). Grandfather had to raise flax, spin and weave the flax for clothing. Deer were abundant and he used their skins for pants and shoes, and raccoon skins for hats."

One of the these seven children came to Union county, Ky., and settled near Morganfield, Thomas Conway, the father of John W. Conway, the subject of this tribute. His mother was Cornelia Connell. My father was born of this happy union Oct. 14, 1841. He was the only son of a large family. Grandfather was well known by the former citizens of Union county, and they showed to him their high regard in many ways. He was elected sheriff of the county several times and represented the people for three terms in the State Legislature.

He was a firm Baptist and a man of noble mould.

In 1870 father was happily married to Miss Barbara Ann Davenport, a daughter of Abram Davenport. Twelve children blessed this delightful union and no sweeter home was ever enjoyed by a set of happier children. The memories of that home will ever fill my soul with the tenderest joy. The Christ was its secret power. That early family altar and unflinching love to Christ; the good counsel and genuine good sense and generous spirit that filled that home is delightful to think about.

All of the children (but two in-

fant) and the loving mother, survive the death of father. Their names are as follows: T. A. Conway, a minister of Jesus; Dr. Jno. W. Conway, Berry L. Conway, Mrs. Oth McMurry; children at home: Maggie, Bettie, Hugh, Barbara, Joe and Hal. All are christians but Hal, and he is young. Yet the Lord will no doubt call him by his grace.

Pappa is gone,
"Death hides but he can not divide;

They are but on Christ's other side,

They are with Christ and Christ with me,

In Christ united still are we."

"The living are the only dead,
The dead live—never more to die;
And often when we mourn them fled

They never were so nigh."

Papa loved the farm. Well do I remember reading him James Whitcomb Riley's famous poem on the Clover, and when I came to this beautiful verse he wept:

"And so I love clover—it seems like a part

Of the sacreddest sorrows and joys of my heart;

And wherever it blooms, oh there let me bow

And thank the good God as I'm thanking him now,

And I pray to him still for strength when I die

To go out in the clover and tell it goodbye,

And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,

While my soul flits away on a breath of perfume."

He loved his stock—cattle, hogs and horses. How lonesome Bettie, his horse, looks; the pigeons he fed each morning and that lighted on his shoulders, oh! how lonesome; his favorite dog seems to have given up as he lies and waits for his master. The fields, the barns, the garden and flower beds all seem to miss him. The place seems strangely changed, but memories as fresh and sweet as the dew of heaven linger with all these things of him.

"I cannot think of him as dead Who walks amid these scenes no more,

Along the path of life I tread He has but gone before.

God hath given to love to keep It's own eternally.

Then let Love sleep Grief lest both be drowned."

His life on earth is over. We miss him and our hearts are torn and bleeding; but the will of God be done. He doeth all things well. Now we see as through a glass, darkly; but we shall know. Never has there crossed my mind a doubt of his eternal welfare, but I feel and know that he is—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast.
There by his love o'er shadowed
Sweetly his soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of Angels
Borne on a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea."

He fell with his armor on, in the midst of the battle. He fought a good fight; there was no long evening to his life.

He has passed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees. And "we shall meet our loved and own,

Some sweet day, some sweet day,
Gathering round the great white throne,

Some sweet day, some sweet day,
By the tree of life so fair,
Joy and rapture everywhere,
O, the bliss of over there,

Some sweet day, some sweet day."

Today he no doubt sees the King in his beauty, exalted upon the throne of his glory, beside the tideless sea; and there with the saints of all ages, in the Paradise of God, joins in the song of Moses and the Lamb,

Golden harps are loudly ringing over there,
Angel choirs are sweetly singing over there,

And our loved ones wait we know While we shrink and fear to go To that sunny land to dwell forevermore.



WALTHER'S PEPTONIZED PORT

is simply a combination of port wine and pepton—it contains no drugs or chemicals. Doctors recommend it as a good, common-sense tonic; as a remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred ailments—for invalids, convalescents, old folks, nursing mothers, and debilitated people generally.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00.

THE WALTHER PEPTONIZED PORT CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.
For sale by

R. F. HAYNES, Druggist.

"Soon the evening shades will fall,
Soon will sound the boatman's call,
And our fragile bark
Must launch into the night
But the Hand that led us here
Will not fail us in our fear.
It will bear us safely to the shores of light."

O city eternal, with thy streets of gold, and walls of precious stones, thy river of life, clear as crystal, and sea of glass, ablaze with the glory of God and the Lamb, with thy myriads of angels and saints redeemed, thou art His dwelling place. Beyond thy gates of pearl he is. Our Father thou art at rest beyond corroding cares, beyond the rack of pain, beyond the taint of sin or power of death. Soon we shall pass down the valley thou hast trod.

"I have given up all for Jesus,
This vain world is naught to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten
In remembering Calvary.

Though my friends despise, forsake me,
And on me the world looks cold,
I've a friend that will stand by me

When the pearly gates unfold
When the voice of Jesus calls me
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour
Thro' the valley as I go.

I will claim his precious promise,
Worth to me a world of gold,
Fear no evil, I'll be with thee
When the pearly gates unfold.

Just beyond the shores of Jordan,
Just beyond the chilly tide,
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
And the living waters glide
In that happy land of spirits,
Flowers bloom on hills of gold,
And the angels are awaiting,
When the pearly gates unfold.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And the evening bells will toll,
But my heart will know no sadness,
When the pearly gates unfold."

T. A. CONWAY,

A Vest Pocket Doctor.

Never in the way, no trouble to carry, easy to take, pleasant and never falling in results are DeWitt's Little Early Riders. A vial of these little pills in the vest pocket is a certain guarantee against headache, biliousness, torpid liver and all of the ills resulting from constipation. They tone and strengthen the liver. Sold by all druggists.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR. EMBALMER.

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Marion, Kentucky.

DEALER IN

COFFINS AND CASKETS.
BURIAL ROBES AND SLIPPERS.

Fine Hearse for Funeral Occasions.
Picture Frames of all kinds made to order. Picture Matts.

S. R. ADAMS

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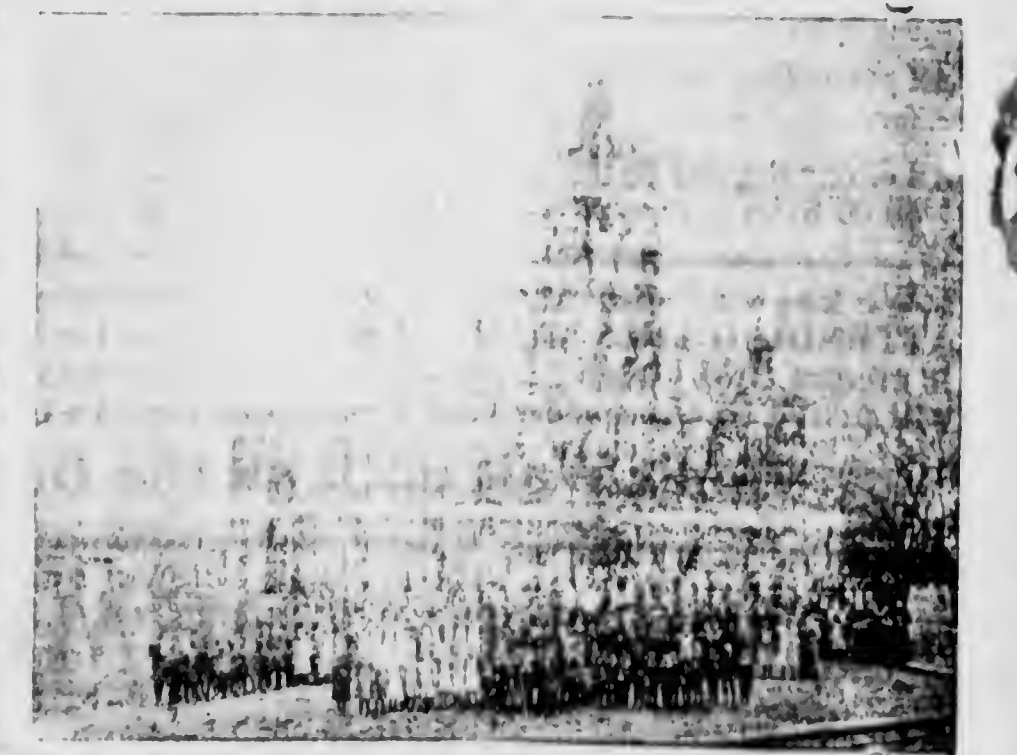
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Mining Machinery, Steam Fittings
of all Kinds, Etc.

Sole Agents for THE SULLIVAN MACHINE CO, Manufacturers of
ROCK DRILLS, DIAMOND DRILL, AIR COMPRESSORS, ETC

Repair Work of all inds Given Prompt Attention.
Phone 105. MARION, K.

MARION GRADED SCHOOL,



SPRING TERM BEGINS

Monday, January 18, 1904.

Enter the Leading Graded School in Western Kentucky
and prepare for Business, Success and Life. Tuition Cheap,
Board Low. \$44.00 for four months, complete expenses.

CHARLES EVANS, Supt. Marion, Ky.

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This vain world is naught to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten In remembering Calvary.
Though my friends despise, forsake me,
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Never in the way, no trouble to carry, easy to take, pleasant and never failing in results are DeWitt's Little Early Remedy. A vial of these little pills in the vest pocket is a certain guarantee against headache, biliousness, torpid liver and all of the ills resulting from constipation. They tonic and strengthen the liver. Sold by all druggists.

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R. R. ADAMS

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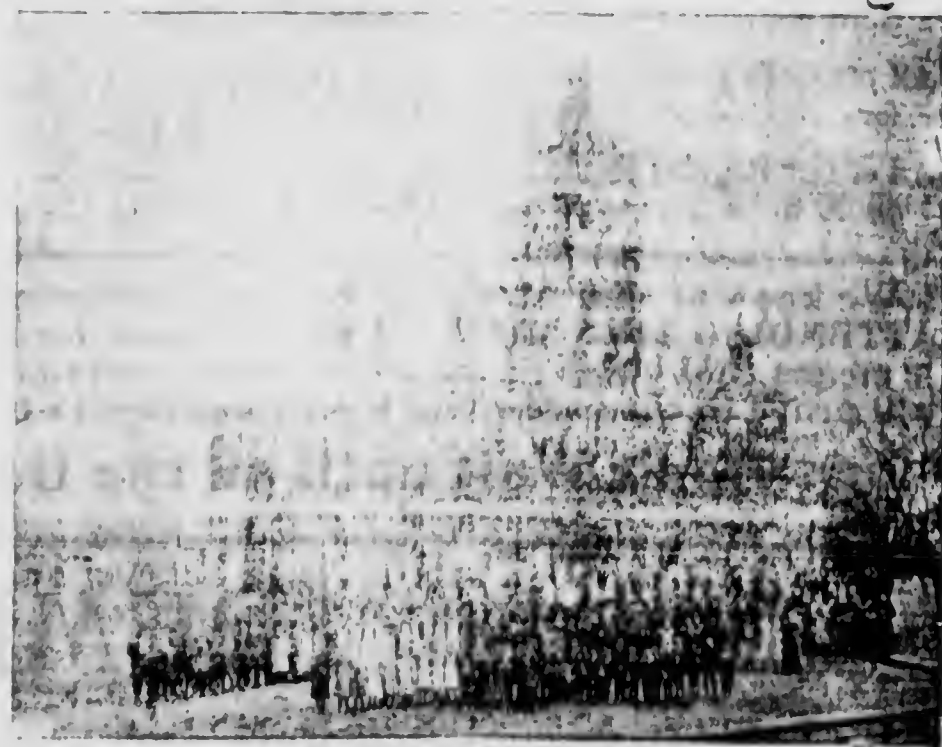
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ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER IX

THE HONORS OF WAR.
GARRARD ROUSSILLON was thoroughly acquainted with the ways of war, and he knew all the pacific means so successfully and so long used by French missionaries and traders to control savage character, but the emergency now upon him was startling. It confused him. The fact that he had taken a solemn oath of allegiance to the American government could have been pushed aside lightly enough upon certain conditions, but he knew that certain confidential agents left in Vincennes by Governor Abbott had, upon the arrival of Helm, gone to Detroit, and of course they had carried thither a full report of all that happened in the church of St. Xavier when Father Beret called the people together, and at the fort when the British flag was hoisted down and in lieu thereof the American flag was run up in its place. His expansive imagination did full credit to itself in exaggerating the importance of his part in handing the post over to the rebels. And what would Hamilton think of this? Would he consider it treason? The question certainly bore a tragic suggestion.

M. Roussillon lacked everything of being a coward, and treachery had no rightful place in his nature. He was, however, so in the habit of fighting windmills and making mountains of molehills that he could not at first glance see any sudden presentment with a normal vision. He had no love for Englishmen, and he did like Americans, but he naturally thought that Helm's talk of fighting Hamilton was, as his own would have been in a like case, talk and nothing more. The fort could not hold out an hour, he felt sure. Then what? Ah, he but too well realized the result.

Resistance would inflame the English soldiers and incite the Indians. There would be a massacre, and the belts of savages would swing with bloody scalps. He shrugged his shoulders and felt a chill creep up his back.

The first thing M. Roussillon did was to see Father Beret and take counsel of him, then he hurried home to dig a great pit under his kitchen floor in which he buried many boxes of fur and all his most valuable things. He worked like a giant beaver all night long. Meantime Father Beret went about over the town quietly notifying the inhabitants to remain in their houses until after the fort should surrender, which, he was sure, would happen the next day.

"You will be perfectly safe, my child," he said to them. "No harm can come to you if you follow my directions."

Relying implicitly upon him, they scrupulously obeyed in every particular.

He did not think it necessary to call at Roussillon's place, having already given M. Roussillon the best advice he could command.

Just at the earliest break of day, while yet the gloom of night scarcely felt the sun's approach, a huge figure made haste along the narrow streets in the northern part of the town. If any person had been looking out through the little holes called windows in those silent and rapturous huts it would have been easy to recognize M. Roussillon by his stature and his gait, dimly outlined as he was. A thought which seemed to him an inspiration of genius had taken possession of him and was leading him as if by the nose straight away to Hamilton's lines. He was freighted with eloquence for the ear of that commander, and as he strode along facing the crisp morning air he was rehearsing under his breath, emphasizing his periods in tragic whispers with sweeping gestures and liberal facial contortions. So absorbed was he in his oratorical soliloquy that he forgot the military guard and ran plump into the face of a picket guard, who, without remark, for the great M. Roussillon's digressing prance up before him, grunted and flourished a tomahawk in a most excellent and exceedingly Indian manner.

"Surrender!"

It is probable that no man ever commanded with a modest request in a more polite spirit than did M. Roussillon on that occasion. In fact, his impetuosity must have been admirable, the savage grunted approval and the picket guard, who, without remark, for the great M. Roussillon's digressing prance up before him, grunted and flourished a tomahawk in a most excellent and exceedingly Indian manner.

"Surrender!"

"Well, sir, who are you?" he gruffly asked when M. Roussillon looked him in the face.

"Garrard Roussillon, the mayor of Vincennes," was the reply. "I come to announce to you officially that I am here to greet you and to say to you that I am at your command. It is of the utmost importance that you should know this."

Mr. Mayor, you have my congratulations, but I should prefer seeing the military commander and accepting his surrender. What account can you give me of the American forces, their number and condition?"

M. Roussillon winced, inwardly at least, under Hamilton's very uncomplimentary air and style of address. It played him cruelly to be treated as a person without the slightest claim to respect. He somehow forgot the rolling and rhythmic eloquence prepared for the occasion.

"The American commander naturally would not confide in me, M. le Gouverneur, not at all. We are not very friendly. He ousted me from office, he offended me. He was coughing and stammering."

"Oh, thunder! What do I care? Answer my questions, sir!" Hamilton gruffly interrupted. "Tell me the number of American troops at the fort, sir."

"I don't know exactly. I have not had admittance to the fort. I might be deceived as to numbers. But they're strong, I believe, M. le Gouverneur; at least they make a great show and much noise."

Hamilton eyed the huge bulk before him for a moment, then, turning to a subaltern, said:

"Place this fellow under guard and see that he doesn't get away. Send word immediately to Captain Farnsworth that I wish to see him at once."

The interview thereupon closed abruptly. Hamilton's emissaries had given him a detailed account of M. Roussillon's share in submitting Vincennes to rebel domination, and he was not in the least inclined toward treating him graciously.

"I would suggest to you, M. le Gouverneur, that my official position demands that M. Roussillon be kept here, and that he be guarded by two men, who should be kept in the direction of the fort. We will move down the river immediately and choose a place to land. Move him!" He gave no time to lose.

In the meantime Beverly slipped away from the fort and made a hurried call upon Alice at Roussillon's place. There was not much they could say to each other during the few moments at command. Alice showed very little excitement. Her past experience had fortified her against the alarms of frontier life. But she understood and perfectly appreciated the situation.

"What are you going to do?" Beverly demanded in sheer despair. He was not able to see any gleam of hope out of the darkness which had fallen around him and into his soul.

"What shall you do?" he repeated.

"Take the chances of war," she said, smiling bravely. "It will all come out well, no doubt."

"I hope so, but I fear not."

His face was gray with trouble. "Helm is determined to fight, and that means—"

"Good!" she interrupted, with spirit. "I am so glad of that. I wish I could go to help him. If I were a man I'd love to fight. I think it's just delightful."

"But it is reckless bravado. It is worse than foolishness," said Beverly, not feeling her mood. "What can two or three men do against an army?"

"Fight and die like men," she replied, her whole countenance lighting up.

"He hero!"

"We will do that, of course. We'll do it not fear death, but you'll see—"

His voice choked him.

A gunshot rang out clear in the distance, and he did not blush speaking.

"That's probably the beginning," he added in a moment, extending both hands to her. "Goodbye. I must hurry to the fort. Goodbye."

She drew a quick breath and turned so white that her lips struck him like a sudden and hard blow. He stood for a second, his arms at full reach, then:

"My God, Alice, I cannot, cannot leave you!" he cried, his voice again breaking huskily.

She made a little movement as if to take hold of his hands, but in an instant she stepped back a pace and said:

"Don't fear about me. I can take care of myself. I'm all right. You'd better return to the fort as quickly as you can. It is your country, your flag, not me. It is your duty to think of now."

She folded her arms and stood boldly erect.

Never before in all his life had he felt such a rebuke. He gave her a straight, strong look in the eyes.

"You are right, Alice," he cried, and rushed from the house to the fort.

She held her rigid attitude for a little while after she heard him shut the front gate of the yard so forcibly that it broke in pieces, then she thing her arms wide, as if to clasp something, and ran to the door, but Beverly was out of sight. She turned and dropped into a chair. Jean came to her out of the next room. His queer little face was pale and plucked, and his jaw was set with the expression of one who has known danger and can meet it somehow.

"Are they going to scalp us?" he half whispered presently, with a shuddering lift of his distorted shoulders.

Her face was buried in her hands, and she did not answer. Childlike he turned from one question to another inconsequently.

"Where did Papa Roussillon go to?" he next inquired. "Is he going to fight?"

She shook her head.

"They'll tear down the fort, won't they?"

"They'll kill the captain and lieutenant and get the fine flag that you set so high on the fort, won't they, Alice?"

She lifted her head and gave the cowering hunchback such a stare that he shut his eyes and put up a hand as if afraid of her. Then she impulsively took his little shaggy form in her arms and hugged it passionately. Her bright hair fell all over him, almost hiding him. Mme. Roussillon was lying on a bed in an adjoining room, musing diligently, at intervals humming her rosary and repeating a prayer. The whole town was silent outside.

"Why don't you go get the pretty flag down and hide it before they come?" Jean murmured from within the silken meshes of Alice's hair.

In his small mind the gaudy banner was the most beautiful of all things. Every day since it was set up he had gone to gaze at it as it fluttered against the sky. The men had frequently said in his presence that the enemy would take it down if they captured the fort.

Alice heard his incoherent voice, but it seemed to come from far off. His words were a part of the strange, wild swirl in her bosom. Beverly's look as he turned and left her now shook her very chord of her being. He had gone to his death at her command. How

strong and true and brave he was! In her imagination she saw the flag, above him, saw him die like a panther at bay, saw the gay rag snatched down and torn to shreds by savage hands. It was the tragedy of a single moment enacted in a flash of anticipation.

She released Jean so suddenly that he fell to the floor. She remembered what she had said to Beverly on the night of the dance when they were standing under the flag.

"You made it and set it up," he lightly remarked. "You must see that no enemy ever gets possession of it, especially the English."

"I'll take it down and hide it when there's danger of that," she said in the same spirit.

And now she stood there, looking at Jean without seeing him, and repeated the words under her breath.

"I'll take it down and hide it. They shall have it!"

Mme. Roussillon began to call from the other room in a loud, complaining voice, but Alice gave no heed to her querulous demands.

"Stay here, Jean, and take care of Minnie Roussillon," she presently said to the hunchback. "I am going out; I'll be back soon. Don't you dare leave the house while I'm gone. Do you hear?"

She did not wait for his answer, but, snatching a hoodlike fur cap from a peg on the wall, she put it on and hastily left the house.

Down at the fort Helm and Beverly were making ready to resist Hamilton's attack, which, they knew, would not be long deferred. The two heavily charged cannons were planted so as to cover the space in front of the gate, and some loaded muskets were ranged near by ready for use.

"We'll give them one good blast," growled the captain, "before they overpower us."

Beverly made no response. In words, but he was preparing a bit of tinder on the end of a stick with which to fire the cannon. Not far away a little heap of logs was burning in the fort's area.

The British officer, already mentioned as at the head of the line advancing diagonally from the river's bank, halted his men at a distance of 300 yards from the fort and seemed to be taking a deliberately careful survey of what was before him.

"Let 'em come a little nearer, lieutenant," said Helm, his jaw setting, itself like a lion's. "When we shoot we want to hit."

He stooped and squinted along his gun.

"When they get to that weedy spot out yonder," he added, "just opposite the little rise in the river bank, we'll turn loose on 'em."

Beverly had arranged his primitive match to suit his fancy and for probably the twentieth time looked critically to the powder in the beveled touchhole of his old cannon. He and Helm were facing the enemy, with their backs to the main area of the stockade, when a well-known voice attracted their attention to the rear.

"Any room for a feller o' my size in this here crowded place?" it demanded in a cracked but cheerful tenor. "Tun kind o' outen breath a-runnin' to get here."

They turned about. It was Uncle Jaxon, with his long rifle on his shoulder and wearing a very important air. He spoke in English, using the backwoods lingo with the ease of long practice.

"An' a-comin' in from a-tunthin' I tuck notice 'at somepin' was up. I see

a lot o' boats on the river an' some feller 's gins a-scootin' around, so I jes' slipped by 'em an' come in the back way. They's plenty o' 'em, I tell you what! I can't shoot much, but I tuck one chance at a buck Indian out yonder an' jes' happened to hit 'im in the left eye. He was one of the gang 'at scented me down yander in Kalinuck."

The grumpy old sinner looked as if he had not been washed since he was born. He glanced about with furtive, shifty eyes and grimaced and winked after the manner of an animal just waking from a lazy nap.

"Where's the rest of the fighters?" he demanded quizzically, looking out his tongue and peeping past Helm so as to get a glimpse of the English line.

"Where's yer garrison? Have they all gone to breakfast?"

The last question set Helm off cursing and swearing in the most melodramatic rage.

Uncle Jaxon turned to Beverly and said in rapid French, "Surely the main's not going to fight those fellows yonder?"

Beverly nodded rather gloomily.

"Well," added the old man, fidgeting his rifle's stock and taking another glance through the gate. "I can't shoot with a cent, but I'm sort o' nervous like, but I'll stan' by ye awhile jes' for luck. I might accidentally hit one o' 'em."

When a man is truly brave himself there is nothing that touches him like an exhibition of absolutely unselfish gameness in another. A rush of admiration for Uncle Jaxon made Beverly feel like laughing him.

Meantime the young British officer showed a flag of truce, with a file of men, separated himself from the line, now stationed, and approached the stockade. At a hundred yards he halted the file and came on alone, waving the white cloth. He boldly advanced to within easy speaking distance and shouted:

"I demand the surrender of this fort."

"Well, you'll not get it, young man," roared Helm, his profanity well mixed in with the words. "Not while there's a man of us left."

"You'd better use soft soap on 'im, cap'n," said Uncle Jaxon in English. "Cussin' won't do no good." While he spoke he rubbed thoughtfully captain's arm and then patted it gently.

Helm, who was not half as excited as he pretended to be, knew that Uncle Jaxon's remark was the very essence of wisdom, but he was not yet ready for the diplomatic language which the old trooper called "soft soap."

"Are you the British commander?" he demanded.

"No," said the officer, "but I speak for him."

"Not to me, sir. Tell your commander that I will hear what he has to say from his own mouth. No understrapper will be accepted by me."

That ended the conference. The young officer, evidently indignant, strode back to his line, and an hour later Hamilton himself demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort and garrison.

"Fight for it!" Helm roared forth.

"We are soldiers!"

Hamilton held a confab with his officers, while his forces under cover of the town's buildings were deploying so as to form a half circle about the stockade. Some artillery appeared and was planted directly opposite the gate, not three hundred yards distant. One blast of that battery would, as Helm well knew, level a large part of the stockade.

"S'posin' I hev a cannon, too, s'evin' it's the fashion," said Uncle Jaxon. "I can't shoot much, but I might skeer 'em. This little one'll do 'em."

He set his rifle against the wall and with Beverly's help rolled one of the swivels alongside the guns already in position.

In a few minutes Hamilton returned under the white flag and shouted:

"Upon what terms will you surrender?"

"All the honors of war," Helm firmly replied. "It's that or fight, and I don't care which!"

Hamilton half turned away, as if done with the parody, then facing the fort again he said:

"Very well, sir. Hand down your flag."

Helm was dumfounded at this prompt acceptance of his terms. Indeed the incident became history.

As Hamilton spoke he very naturally glanced up toward the banners of Alice Roussillon waving brilliantly. Some one stood beside him on the dilapidated roof of the old house and was already ready to take it from his place. His aid, Captain Farnsworth, saw this, and the vision made his heart sink in astonishment. It was a girl in short skirts and a new dress, with a fur collar on her head, her face, brilliant, as if she were young gold hair. She was looking down to be criticized and to see if her eyes were as blue as his. A flash of the thought, with its swift, sharp ground of sky, flashed in his mind, and, sharp as a cobra, he was already looking at her.

Alice had come to the fort, and she was looking up at him with both hands and hastily crossed himself, but his eyes were laughing.

"You ought to have seen me. I waved the flag at them—at the English—and one young officer took off his hat to me! Oh, Father Beret, it was like what is in a novel. They'll get the fort, but not the banner, not the banner! I've saved it, I've saved it!"

Her enthusiasm gave a splendor to her countenance, heightening its richness of color and somehow adding to its natural girlish expression an audacious sweetness. The triumphant success of her undertaking lent the dignity of conscious power to her look, a dignity which always sits well upon a young and somewhat immaturely beautiful face.

Father Beret could not resist her fervid eloquence, and he could not run away from her or stop up his ears while she went on. So he had to laugh when she said:

"Oh, if you had seen it all you would have enjoyed it. There was Uncle Jaxon, squatting behind the little swivel, and then there was Captain Helm and Lieu-

tenant Beverly, holding their barrels sticks over the big cannon ready to shoot, all of them so intent that they didn't see me, and yonder came the English officer and his army against the three. When they got close to the gate the officer cried out, 'Surrender,' and then Captain Helm yelled back, 'Blessed if I do! Come another step and I'll blow you all to hades in a second!' I was mighty in hopes that they'd come on. I wanted to see: cannon ball hit that English command or right in the face, he looked so arrogant."

Father Beret shook his head and tried to look disapproving and solemn.

Meantime down at the fort Hamilton was demanding the flag. He had seen Alice take it down and supposed that it was lowered officially and would be turned over to him. Now he wanted to handle it as the best token of his bloodless but important victory.

"I didn't order the flag down until after I had accepted your terms," said Helm, "and when my man started to obey we saw a young lady snatch it and run away with it."

"Who was the girl?"

"I do not inform on women," said Helm.

Hamilton smiled grimly, with a vexed look in his eyes, then turned to Captain Farnsworth and ordered him to bring up M. Roussillon, who when he appeared still had his hands tied together.

"Tell me the name of the young woman who carried away the flag from the fort. You saw her; you know every soul in this town. Who was it, sir?"

It was a hard question for M. Roussillon to answer. Although his humiliating captivity had somewhat cowed him, still his love for Alice made it impossible for him to give the information demanded by Hamilton. He choked and stammered, but finally managed to say:

"I assure you that I don't know—I didn't look—I didn't see—it was too far off for me to see—it was somewhat excited."

"Take him away. Keep him securely bound," said Hamilton. "Confine him. We'll see how long it will take to refresh his mind. We'll puncture the big wind bag."

While this curt scene was passing the flag of Great Britain rose over the fort to the lusty cheering of the victorious soldiers.

Hamilton treated Helm and Beverly with extreme courtesy. He was a soldier, gruff, unassuming and cruel to a degree, but he could not help admiring the daring behavior of these two officers who had wrung from him the best terms of surrender. He gave them full liberty, on parole of honor not to attempt escape or to aid in any way an enemy against him while they were prisoners.

Not was it long before Helm's gentleness and sociable disposition won the Englishman's respect and confidence to such an extent that the two became almost inseparable companions, playing cards, brooding toddlers, telling stories and even shooting deer in the woods together, as if they had always been the best of friends.

Hamilton did not permit his savage allies to enter the town, and he immediately required the French inhabitants to swear allegiance to Great Britain, which they did with apparent heartiness, all save M. Roussillon, who was kept in close confinement and bound like a felon, chatting lugubriously and wearing the air of a martyr. His prison was a little log pen in one corner of the stockade, much open to the weather, his gaping cracks giving him a dreary view of the frozen landscape through which the Vabash flowed in a broad, steel gray current. Helm, who really liked him, tried to win to procure his release, but Hamilton was inexorable on account of what he regarded as duplicity in M. Roussillon's conduct.

"No; I'll let him reflect," he said. "There's nothing like a little tyranny to break up a bad case of self-importance. He'll soon find out that he has overrated himself."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE HONORS OF WAR.
GASPARD ROUSSILLON was thoroughly acquainted with savage warfare, and he knew all the pacific means so successfully and so long used by French missionaries and traders to control savage character, but the emergency now upon him was startling. It confined him. The fact that he had taken a solemn oath of allegiance to the American government could have been pushed aside lightly enough upon pressing occasion, but he knew that certain confidential agents left in Vincennes by Governor Abbott had, upon the arrival of Helm, gone to Detroit, and of course they had carried thither a full report of all that happened in the Church of St. Xavier when Father Beret called the people together, and at the fort when the British flag was hoisted down and the banner of Alice Roussillon run up in its place. His expansive imagination did full credit to itself in exaggerating the importance of his part in handing the post over to the rebels. And what would Hamilton think of this? Would he consider it treason? The question certainly bore a tragic suggestion.

M. Roussillon lacked everything of being a coward, and treachery had no rightful place in his nature. He was, however, so in the habit of fighting windmills and making mountains of molehills that he could not at first glance see any sudden presentment with a normal vision. He had no love for Englishmen, and he did like American, but he naturally thought that Helm's talk of fighting Hamilton was, as his own would have been in a like case, talk and nothing more. The fort could not hold out an hour, he felt well. Then what? Ah, he but too well realized the result.

Resistance would inflame the English soldiers and madden the Indians. There would be a massacre, and the belts of savages would sag with bloody scalps. He shrugged his shoulders and felt a chill creep up his back.

The first thing M. Roussillon did was to see Father Beret and take counsel of him, then he hurried home to dig a great pit under his kitchen floor in which he buried many bags of flour and all his most valuable things. He worked like a giant beaver all night long. Meantime Father Beret went about over the town quietly notifying the inhabitants to remain in their houses until after the fort should surrender, which, he was sure, would happen the next day.

"You will be perfectly safe, my child," he said to them. "No harm can come to you if you follow my directions."

Relying implicitly upon him, they scrupulously obeyed in every particular.

He did not think it necessary to call at Roussillon's place, having already given M. Roussillon the best advice he could command.

Just at the earliest break of day, while yet the gloom of night scarcely felt the sun's approach, a huge figure made haste along the narrow streets in the northern part of the town. If any person had been looking out through the little holes called windows in those silent and rapturous huts it would have been easy to recognize M. Roussillon by his stature and his gait, dimly outlined as he was. A thought which seemed to him an inspiration of genius had taken possession of him and he was leading him as if by the nose straight away to Hamilton's lines. He was freighted with eloquence for the ear of that commander, and as he strode along facing the crisp morning air he was rehearsing under his breath, emphasizing his periods in tragic whispers with sweeping gestures and liberal facial contortions. So absorbed was he in his oratorical soliloquy that he forgot the military precaution and ran plump into the face of a savage picket guard, who, without remark for the great M. Roussillon's dignity, sprang up before him, grunted cavernously, flourishing a tomahawk and spoke in excellent and exceedingly guttural Indian:

"Wah, surrender!"

It is probable that no man ever complied with a modest request in a more docile spirit than did M. Roussillon upon that occasion. In fact, his promptness must have been admirable, for the savage grunted approval and straightway conducted him to Hamilton's headquarters on a battent in the river.

The British commander, a hale man of sandy complexion and probably under middle age, was in no very pleasant humor. Some of his orders had been misunderstood by the chief of his Indian allies, so that a premature exposure of his approach had been made to the enemy.

"Well, sir, who are you?" he gruffly asked when M. Roussillon loomed before him.

"Gaspard Roussillon, the mayor of Vincennes," was the huffy reply. "I come to announce to you officially that my people greet you loyally and that my town is freely at your command." He felt as important as if his statements had been true.

"Rough! There's no in it, you!

Mr. Mayor, you have my congratulations, but I should prefer seeing the military commander and accepting his surrender. What account can you give me of the American forces, their number and condition?"

M. Roussillon winced, inwardly at least, under Hamilton's very uncomplimentary air and style of address. It pleased him cruelly to be treated as a person without the slightest claim to respect. He somehow forgot the rolling and rhythmic eloquence prepared for the occasion.

"The American commander naturally would not confide in me, M. le Gouverneur, not at all. We are not very friendly. He ousted me from office, he offended me!" He was coughing and stammering.

"Oh, thunder! What do I care? Answer my questions, sir!" Hamilton gruffly interrupted. "Tell me the number of the American troops at the fort, sir."

"I don't know exactly. I have not had admittance to the fort. I might be deceived as to numbers. But they're strong, I believe, M. le Gouverneur; at least they make a great show and much noise."

Hamilton eyed the huge bulk before him for a moment, then, turning to a subaltern, said:

"These this fellow under guard and see that he doesn't get away. Send word immediately to Captain Farnsworth that I wish to see him at once."

The interview thereupon closed abruptly. Hamilton's emissaries had given him a detailed account of M. Roussillon's share in submitting Vincennes to rebel dominion, and he was not in the least inclined toward treating him graciously.

"I would suggest to you, M. le Gouverneur, that my official position demands," M. Roussillon began. But he was fastened upon by two guards, who roughly hustled him aft and bound him so rigidly that he could scarcely move finger or toe.

Hamilton snorted coldly and turned to give some orders to a stalwart, ruddy young officer who in a canoe had just rowed alongside the battent.

"Captain Farnsworth," he said, acknowledging the military salute, "you will take fifty men and make every thing ready for a reconnaissance in the direction of the fort. We will move down the river immediately and choose a place to land. Move lively! We have no time to lose."

In the meantime Beverley slipped away from the fort and made a hurried call upon Alice at Roussillon's place. There was not much they could say to each other during the few moments at command. Alice showed very little excitement. Her past experience had fortified her against the alarms of frontier life. But she understood and perfectly appreciated the situation.

"What are you going to do?" Beverley demanded in sheer despair. He was not able to see any gleam of hope out of the blackness which had fallen around him and into his soul.

"What shall you do?" he repeated. "Take the chances of war," she said, smiling gravely. "It will all come out well, no doubt."

"I hope so, but—but I fear not." His face was gray with trouble. "Helm is determined to fight, and that means—"

"Good!" she interrupted, with spirit. "I am so glad of that. I wish I could go to help him. If I were a man I'd love to fight. I think it's just delightful."

"But it is reckless bravado. It is worse than foolishness," said Beverley, not feeling her mood. "What can two or three men do against an army?"

"Fight and die like men," she replied, her whole countenance lighting up. "Be heroic!"

"We will do that, of course. We—do not fear death, but you—you!" His voice choked him.

A gunshot rang out clear in the distance, and he did not finish speaking. "That's probably the beginning," he added in a moment, extending both hands to her. "Goodbye. I must hurry to the fort. Goodbye."

She drew a quick breath and turned so white that her lips struck him like a sudden and hard blow. He stood for a second, his arms at full reach, then:

"My God, Alice, I cannot, cannot leave you!" he cried, his voice again breaking huskily.

She made a little movement as if to take hold of his hands, but in an instant she stepped back a pace and said: "Don't fear about me. I can take care of myself. I'm all right. You'd better return to the fort as quickly as you can. It is your country, your flag, not me, that you must think of now."

She folded her arms and stood boldly erect. Never before in all his life had he felt such a rebuke. He gave her a straight, strong look in the eyes.

"You are right, Alice," he cried, and rushed from the house to the fort.

She held her rigid attitude for a little while after she heard him shut the front gate of the yard so forcibly that it broke in pieces, then she hung her arms wide, as if to clasp something, and ran to the door, but Beverley was out of sight. She turned and dropped into a chair. Jean came to her out of the next room. His queer little face was pale and pinched, but his jaw was set with the expression of one who has known danger and can meet it somehow.

"Are they going to scalp us?" he half whispered presently, with a shuddering lift of his distorted shoulders.

Her face was buried in her hands, and she did not answer. Childlike he turned from one question to another inconsequently.

"Where did Papa Roussillon go to?" he next inquired. "Is he going to fight?"

She shook her head.

"They'll tear down the fort, won't they?"

If she heard him she did not make any answer.

"They'll kill the captain and lieutenant and get the fine flag that you set so high on the fort, won't they, Alice?" She lifted her head and gave the cowering hunchback such a stare that he shut his eyes and put up a hand as if afraid of her. Then she impulsively took his little misshapen form in her arms and hugged it passionately. Her bright hair fell all over him, almost hiding him. Mine, Roussillon was lying on a bed in an adjoining room moaning diligently, at intervals handling her rosary and repeating a prayer. The whole town was silent outside.

"Why don't you go get the pretty flag down and hide it before they come?" Jean murmured from within the silken meshes of Alice's hair.

In his small mind the gaudy banner was the most beautiful of all things. Every day since it was set up he had gone to gaze at it as it fluttered against the sky. The men had frequently said in his presence that the enemy would take it down if they captured the fort.

Alice heard his inquisitive voice, but it seemed to come from far off. His words were a part of the strange, wild swirl in her bosom. Beverley's look as he turned and left her now shook every chord of her being. He had gone to his death at her command. How



"Wah, surrender!"

strong and true and brave he was! In her imagination she saw the flag, above him, saw him die like a panther at bay, saw the flag rag snatched down and torn to shreds by savage hands. It was the tragedy of a single moment enacted in a flash of anticipation.

She released Jean so suddenly that he fell to the floor. She remembered what she had said to Beverley on the night of the dance when they were standing under the flag.

"You made it and set it up," he lightly remarked. "You must see that no enemy ever gets possession of it, especially the English."

"I'll take it down and hide it when there's danger of that," she said in the same spirit.

And now she stood there, looking at Jean without seeing him, and repeated the words under her breath.

"I'll take it down and hide it. They shan't have it."

Mine, Roussillon began to call from the other room in a loud, complaining voice, but Alice gave no heed to her querulous demands.

"Stay here, Jean, and take care of Mamma Roussillon," she presently said to the hunchback. "I am going out; I'll be back soon. Don't you dare leave the house while I'm gone. Do you hear?"

She did not wait for his answer, but, snatching a hoodlike cap from a peg on the wall, she put it on and hastily left the house.

Down at the fort Helm and Beverley were making ready to meet Hamilton's attack, which, they knew, would not be long deferred. The two heavily charged cannons were planted so as to cover the space in front of the gate, and some loaded muskets were ranged near by ready for use.

"We'll give them one good blast," growled the captain, "before they overpower us."

Beverley made no response in words, but he was preparing a bit of tinder on the end of a stick with which to fire the cannon. Not far away a little heap of logs was burning in the fort's area.

The British officer, already mentioned as at the head of the line advancing diagonally from the river's bank, halted his men at a distance of 300 yards from the fort and seemed to be taking a deliberately careful survey of what was before him.

"Let 'em come, a little nearer, lieutenant," said Helm, his jaw setting itself like a lion's. "When we shoot we want to hit."

He stooped and squinted along his gun.

"When they get to that weedy spot out yonder," he added, "just opposite the little pier in the river bank, we'll turn loose on 'em."

Beverley had arranged his primitive match to suit his fancy and for probably the twentieth time looked critically to the powder in the beveled touchhole of his old cannon. He and Helm were facing the enemy, with their backs to the main area of the stockade, when a well-known voice attracted their attention to the rear.

"Any room for a feller of my size in this here crowded place?" it demanded in a cracked but cheerful tenor. "I'm kind of outen breath a-runnin' to get here."

They turned about. It was Uncle Jaxon, with his long, rife on his shoulder and wearing a very important air. He spoke in English, using the backwoods lingo with the ease of long practice.

"As it's a-comin' in from a-huntin' I took notice at somepin' was up. I see

a lot of boats on the river an' some fellers w' guns a-scootin' around, so I jest slipped by 'em all an' come in the back way. They's plenty of 'em, I tell you what! I can't shoot much, but I took one chance at a buck Indian out yonder an' jes' happened to hit 'im in the left eye. He was one of the gang 'at scalped me down yander in Kalutuck."

The greasy old shiner looked as if he had not been washed since he was born. He glanced about with furtive, shifty eyes and grimaced and winked after the manner of an animal just waking from a lazy nap.

"Where's the rest of the fighters?" he demanded quizzically, holding out his tongue and peeping past Helm so as to get a glimpse of the English line. "Where's yer garrison? Have they all gone to breakfast?"

The last question set Helm off cursing and swearing in the most melodramatic rage.

Uncle Jaxon turned to Beverley and said in rapid French, "Surely the man's not going to fight those fellows yonder?"

Beverley nodded rather gloomily. "Well," added the old man, fingering his rifle's stock and taking another glance through the gate, "I can't shoot with a cent, but I'm sort of nervous like, but I'll stan' by ye while Jes' for luck. I might accidentally hit one of 'em."

When a man is truly brave himself there is nothing that touches him like an exhibition of absolutely unselfish gameness in another. A rush of admiration for Uncle Jaxon made Beverley feel like hugging him.

Meantime the young British officer showed a flag of truce and, with a file of men, separated himself from the line, now stationary, and approached the stockade. At a hundred yards he halted the file and came on alone, waving the white cloth. He boldly advanced to within easy speaking distance and shouted:

"I demand the surrender of this fort."

"Well, you'll not get it, young man!" roared Helm, his profanity well mixed in with the words. "Not while there's a man of us left!"

"Ye'd better use soft soap on 'im, cap'n," said Uncle Jaxon in English. "Cussin' won't do no good." While he spoke he rubbed the thoughtless captain's arm and then patted it gently.

Helm, who was not half as excited as he pretended to be, knew that Uncle Jaxon's remark was the very essence of wisdom, but he was not yet ready for the diplomatic language which the old trooper called "soft soap."

"Are you the British commander?" he demanded.

"No," said the officer, "but I speak for him."

"Not to me, sir. Tell your commander that I will hear what he has to say from his own mouth. No understrapper will be recognized by me."

That ended the conference. The young officer, evidently indignant, strode back to his line, and an hour later Hamilton himself demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort and garrison.

"Fight for it!" Helm roared forth. "We are soldiers!"

Hamilton held a council with his officers, while his forces, under cover of the town cabins, were deploying so as to form a half circle about the stockade. Some artillery appeared and was planted directly opposite the gate, not three hundred yards distant. One blast of that battery would, as Helm well knew, level a large part of the stockade.

"Spesh! I hev' a cannon, too, seein' it's the fashion," said Uncle Jaxon. "I can't shoot much, but I might skew 'em. This little one'll do me."

He set his rifle against the wall and with Beverley's help rolled one of the swivels alongside the guns already in position.

In a few minutes Hamilton returned under the white flag and shouted:

"Upon what terms will you surrender?"

"All the honors of war," Helm firmly replied. "It's that or fight, and I don't care which!"

Hamilton half turned away, as if done with the parley, then facing the fort again he said:

"Very well, sir. Haul down your flag."

Helm was dumfounded at this prompt acceptance of his terms. Indeed the incident became history.

As Hamilton spoke, he very naturally glanced up to where, in the banner of Alice Roussillon waved brilliantly. Some one stood beside it on the dilapidated roof of the old blackhouse and was already taking it from its place. His aid, Captain Farnsworth, saw this, and the vision made his heart draw in a strong, hot food. It was a girl in short skirts and moccasins, with a rife slung on her head, her face, glowing with the sun, set around with tufts of wind-blown brown gold hair. There was a certain young to be critical and to let his eyes deceive him. He was a child of the thickset, with its steel-shinck ground of sky, dashed with his hand, sharp cut as a cannon, for Beverly he took off his hat.

Alice had come to the top of the postern. She immediately came forth, observed, and once more to the flag just at the moment when Helm, glad at heart to accept of a peace, was out of a tight place, asked Uncle Jaxon to lower it.

Beverley was thinking of Alice, and when he looked up he could scarcely realize that he saw her. In the whole situation was plain the instant she snatched the staff from its place, for he, too, recoiled with what she had said at the river house. The memory and the present scene blended perfectly during the fleeting instant that she was visible. He saw that Alice was smiling somewhat as in her most mischievous moods, and when she jerked the staff from its fastenings she shifted it high and waved it once, twice, thrice, defiantly toward the British lines, then

led down the ragged rope she used to

it and disappeared. The vision remained in Beverley's eyes forever afterward. The English troops, thinking that the flag was taken down in token of surrender, broke into a wild tumult of shouting.

Uncle Jaxon intuitively understood just what Alice was doing, for he knew her nature and could read her face. His blood ebbed forward in an instant.

"Vive George Washington! Vive la banniere d'Alice Roussillon!" he screamed, waving his disreputable cap round his scowling head. "Hurrah for George Washington. Hurrah for Alice Roussillon's flag!"

It was all over soon. Helm surrendered himself and Beverley with full honors. As for Uncle Jaxon, he disappeared at the critical moment. It was not just to his mind to be a prisoner of war, especially under existing conditions, for Hamilton's Indian allies had some old warpath scores to settle with him dating back to the days when he and Simon Kinton were comrades in Kentucky.

When Alice snatched the banner and descended with it to the ground she ran swiftly out through the postern, as she had once before done, and sped along under cover of the low bluff or swell which, terraced, bounded the flat "bottom" lands southward of the stockade. She kept on until she reached

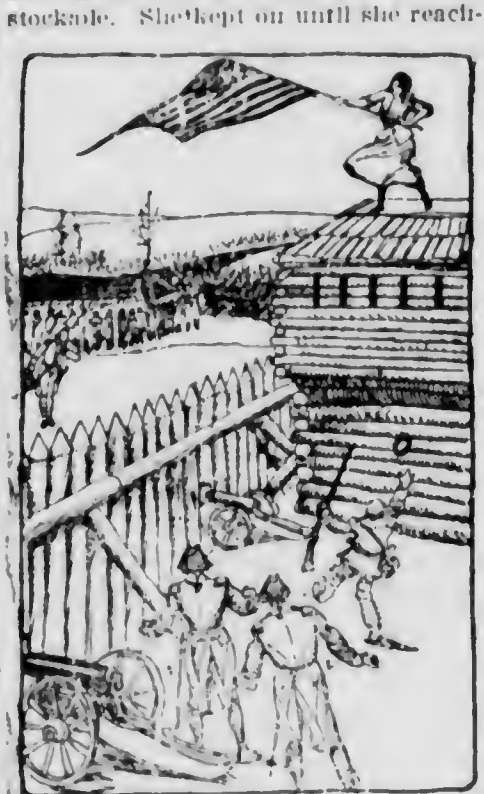
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She lifted it high and waved it.

edin point opposite Father Beret's hut, to which she then ran, the flag streaming bravely behind her in the wind, her heart beating time to her steps.

It was plainly a great surprise to Father Beret, who looked up from his prayer when she rushed in, making a startling contrast, the loose, pouchy shaking together under her reckless feet.

"Oh, father, here it is! Hide it, hide it, quick!"

She thrust the flag toward him. "They shall not have it! They shall never have it!"

He opened wide his eyes and looked kindly at her, but did not fully comprehend her meaning.

She was panting, half laughing, half crying. The hair, which she had been hugging in plumes, was now over her shoulders. Her face was red and radiant.

"They are taking me to the fort," she breathlessly added, snatching the flag upon him. "They say I'm a traitor, but I got this and ran away with it. Hide it, father; hide it, quick, before they come!"

The danger lighted in her eyes, the madcap air of mischief on her face, and the exultant gleam of her smile, all these and more, affected the good priest strangely. Involuntarily he crossed himself, as if against a dangerous charm.

"Mon Dieu, Father Beret!" she exclaimed, with impatience. "Haven't you a grain of sense left? Take this flag and hide it! I tell you! Don't stay there gazing and thinking. Here, quick! They saw me take it; they may be following me. Hurry, hide it somewhere!"

He comprehended now, rising from his knees with a queer smile broadening on his face. She put the banner into his hands and gave him a gentle push.

"Hide it, I tell you; hide it, you dear old goose!"

Without speaking he turned the staff over and over in his hand until the flag was closely wrapped around it; then, stooping, he lifted a pumcheon and with it covered the key roll from sight.

Alice caught him in her arms and kissed him vigorously on the cheek. Her warm lips made the spot tingle.

"Don't you dare to let any person have it! It's the flag of George Washington!"

She gave him a strong squeeze. He pushed her from him with both hands and hastily crossed himself, but his eyes were laughing.

"You ought to have seen me. I waved the flag at them—the English—and one young officer took off his hat to me! Oh, Father Beret, it was like what is in a novel. They'll get the fort, but not the banner, not the banner! I've saved it, I've saved it!"

Her enthusiasm gave a splendor to her countenance, heightening its riches of color and somehow adding to its natural girlish expression an audacious sweetness. The triumphant success of her undertaking lent the dignity of conscious power to her look, a dignity which always sits well upon a young and somewhat immaturely beautiful face.

Father Beret could not resist her fervid eloquence, and he could not run away from her or stop up his ears while she went on. So he had to laugh when she said:

"Oh, if you had seen it all you would have enjoyed it. There was Uncle Jaxon, squatting behind the little swivel, and then there was Captain Helm and Lieut-

tenant Beverley, holding their burnin' attacks over the big cannon ready to shoot, all of 'em so intent that they didn't see me, and yonder come the English officer and his army against the three. When they got close to the gate the officer cried out, 'Surrender' and then Captain Helm yelled back 'Blessed if I do! Come another step and I'll blow you all to hades in a second!' I was mighty in hopes that they'd come on. I wanted to see: cannon ball hit that English command or right in the face, he looked so arrogant."

Father Beret shook his head and tried to look disapproving and solemn.

Meantime down at the fort Hamilton was demanding the flag. He had seen Alice take it down and supposed that it was lowered officially and would be turned over to him. Now he wanted to handle it as the best token of his bloodless but important victory.

"I didn't order the flag down until after I had accepted your terms," said Helm, "and when my man started to obey we saw a young lady snatch it and run away with it."

"Who was the girl?"

"I do not inform on women," said Helm.

Hamilton smiled grimly, with a vexed look in his eyes, then turned to Captain Farnsworth and ordered him to bring up M. Roussillon, who when he appeared still had his hands tied together.

"Tell me the name of the young woman who carried away the flag from the fort. You saw her; you know every soul in this town. Who was it, sir?"

It was a hard question for M. Roussillon to answer. Although his humiliating captivity had somewhat cowed him, still his love for Alice made it impossible for him to give the information demanded by Hamilton. He choked and stammered, but finally managed to say:

"I assure you that I don't know. I didn't look—I didn't see—it was so far off for me to do so—somehow escaped."

"Take him away. Keep him securely bound," said Hamilton. "Continue him. We'll see how long it will take to refresh his mind. We'll puncture the big wind bag!"

While this curt scene was passing the flag of Great Britain rose over the fort to the lusty cheering of the victorious soldiers.

Hamilton treated Helm and Beverley with extreme courtesy. He was a soldier, crafty, unscrupulous and cruel to a degree, but he could not help admiring the daring behavior of those two officers who had wrung from him the best terms of surrender. He gave them, full liberty, on parole of honor not to attempt escape or to aid in any way an enemy against him while they were prisoners.

Nor was it long before Helm's gentle and sociable disposition won the Englishman's respect and confidence to such an extent that the two became almost inseparable companions, playing cards, brewing toddies, telling stories and even shooting deer in the woods together, as if they had always been the best of friends.

Hamilton did not permit his savage allies to enter the town, and he immediately required the French inhabitants to swear allegiance to Great Britain, which they did with apparent heartiness, all save M. Roussillon, who was kept in close confinement and bound like a felon, chafing longingly and wearing the air of a martyr. His prison was a little log pen in one corner of the stockade, much open to the weather, its gaping cracks giving him a dreary view of the frozen landscape through which the Walash flowed in a tranquil, steel gray current. Helm, who really liked him, tried in vain to procure his release, but Hamilton was inexorable on account of what he regarded as duplicity in M. Roussillon's conduct.

"No; I'll let him reflect," he said. "There's nothing like a little tyranny to break up a bad case of self-importance. He'll soon find out that he has overrated himself."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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EX-GOV. BROWN DEAD.

There passed away at Henderson, Ky., his home, Monday, one of the brainiest men Kentucky has ever produced; a lawyer of rare ability, a leader of great sagacity, and a lawyer almost with a peer. John Young Brown, than whom no man was better known in public life, was born near Elizabethtown, Ky., June 18, 1835; died at Henderson, Ky., Jan 11th, 1904, in his 69th year.

He was a graduate of Center College; in the class with W. C. P. Breckinridge, T. M. Green and Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri. In 1859 he was elected to Congress, but being only 24 years old was not allowed to take his seat for a year after. He opposed "Nonothism," an anti-catholic movement, although he was a Protestant. In 1860 he was elected Kentucky for Stephen A. Douglas for President. In 1867 he was elected to Congress, and in 1875, in the halls of Congress denounced Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, which gave him national prominence. He retired from Congress and was elected Governor in 1891. He made an enviable record as the chief executive. Had he rested on his laurels he would have gone to his reward with the love and confidence of all his constituents. His memorable race as an independent candidate for Governor on the gold bug platform cost him many friends, and caused his political star to set forever, although he was followed in his convictions by many noted statesmen. Of him the Courier-Journal says editorially:

"He was, in many respects, no ordinary man. A good lawyer, with a strong and cultivated mind, an eloquent advocate, a fearless executive, the force of his character, the independence and sturdiness of his convictions, the integrity of his private life and the conscientiousness and oftentimes brilliance of his public service, commanded universal respect from friends and opponents alike."

GEN JOHN B. GORDON DEAD.

One by one the links that bind the past to the present are being severed; one by one the spirits that made history in the memorable "days of the sixties," are passing the earthly veil to enter the vast unknown.

The greatest of those left to us has now surrendered. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, soldier, statesman and diplomat, has been summoned to the final roll call and all the South is in mourning.

Gen Gordon died last Saturday night, on his plantation near Biscayne, Fla., his winter home. His remains were brought to Miami, the railroad station, and taken from there to Atlanta, Ga., his late home, where they will lie in state in the state capitol until Wednesday noon, when the funeral will be held.

VOTED DOWN.

The city council, at its meeting Tuesday night, voted down a motion to grant a franchise to the Cumberland telephone company, which the Press notes with pleasure. The telephone service we have here is the best in the country. The Editor of the Press for 15 years has visited semi-annually almost every section of Kentucky and has traveled during that time a distance equal to quadruple the circumference of the globe, has used telephones every day since they were installed, has friends in every county of this and many of the adjoining states whose voices he knows 100 miles away over the phone, but at no place have they any better service than in Marion and vicinity. The management is clever and accommodating at all times, and we think Marion owes much to them as well as to the founder of the system, J. T. Alexander. Marion subscribers have the privilege of 27 towns and hamlets which are on the Exchange. What other town has as good?

SHOOTING AFFRAY.

John Brantley Pours Some Lead Into Tom King at Gladstone.

News comes to the Press office of a shooting affray which occurred last Thursday night at Gladstone, ten miles north of this city, between John Brantley and Tom King, both residents of that vicinity. As reported to this office the facts are substantially as follows:

A ball and oyster supper was in full blast at the time, when Ben King and Hughie Lowey came upon the scene, both pretty well tanked up with Blackford chain-lightning. It is said Lowey purchased some oysters which he was accused of not paying for, upon which a sharp quarrel ensued between him and the manager. At this point in the game John Brantley gently took him by the arm and led him from the room, trying to pacify him. King followed them out and attacked Brantley with a knife. Brantley then drew his revolver and shot King, the ball entering the mouth ranging around the jaw and coming out below and just forward of the ear. The wound, though very severe, is not necessarily dangerous, without further complications.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

That national honor and integrity be maintained is unquestionably the fundamental principle and issue in the canal question. Public sentiment is stronger than ever in favor of building an isthmian waterway. Of this there is no doubt. But when the principle that "might makes right" is applied to getting a canal "at any cost" it puts national honor below par, and any effort to becloud the situation or to justify the course taken will fall flat and fail to satisfy the public, which looks to the "powers that be" to make "right might." Can the United States afford to have a canal at the expense of national honor and the confidence of the world?

"BABY RUTH" DEAD.

The heart of all the world goes out to ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland in the bereavement which has befallen them in the death of their first-born, Ruth. She will be remembered as Baby Ruth of the White House, where she was born when her father was President. During Mr. Cleveland's term of office "Baby Ruth" was the idol of the capital, and was known from one side of the world to the other.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Mr. James W. Gardner, who has been in the employ of the Kentucky Children's Home Society as District Superintendent for the past four years, is no longer connected with said Society. Please address all communications to George L. Sehon, State Superintendent, Rooms 514 and 515, The Masonic, Louisville, Ky.

Eggs are 45 cts. a dozen in New York. Why don't our people raise more chickens? Nothing pays better than spring chickens and fresh eggs. Try it.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA.

MESA, ARIZ., Jan. 5, 1904.—MR. S. M. JENKINS: Please find enclosure, which I owe for the Crittenden Press.

I do not know what I would do if it were not for that paper, although it sometimes gives me the blues and makes me wish I were back there again, but at the same time, if I did not get the paper every week I would not be able to stay out here at all, for I like to know of everything going on.

I certainly would like to put in a few days skating and trudging through the snow hunting, but after all this is the finest country in the world for a winter climate; we never see snow except up in the mountains. We have all kinds of garden truck the year around.

Well, I wish I had time to write and tell you all about this country but can't just now. I am still working in the dry goods business and like my place very much.

Yours truly,

O. L. PICKENS.

"[Mesa,] the town that 'Otie' lives in, is in the centre of the Mormon settlement of Arizona and a very wealthy portion of the territory. Otie would better keep his weather eye on those Mormon lazes this leap year.—Ed.]

HON. M. F. POGUE.



Crittenden county is proud of her distinguished son of the Frances vicinity, who was last week honored by the Kentucky House of Representatives by being elected assistant clerk. There was a strong fight made for the place by four or five prominent men. Mr. Pogue, however, won easily on the fourth ballot, which attests his popularity with the public men whom he associates with. As our Representative has made an enviable record and we predict that he will make a good clerk and that better things are in store for him. Crittenden county has made no mistake in honoring Marion Pogue.

A PIONEER CITIZEN.

Dr. John Clark Elder died at his residence in the Chapel Hill neighborhood last Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. He was surrounded by his family, all of whom were with him when he breathed his last. Dr. Elder was one of the best men Crittenden county ever produced. He was born on the John I. Hughes farm, two miles south of Marion, January 12, 1819, therefore lacked only three days of passing his 85th milestone. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Stinson, Dec. 8, 1842, (a sister of the beloved and lamented David N. Stinson, who died recently in Illinois,) and for over sixty years they fought the battles of life side by side. His wife and five children survive him. They are J. C. Elder, Jr., the tobaccoist; Jos. Charles Elder, a farmer; M. A. Jacobs, widow of W. R. Jacobs; Julia A. Belt, and Miss Mary E. Elder.

Dr. Elder was a consistent and life-long member of Chapel Hill Presbyterian church, and for many years was a Ruling Elder in that congregation. The funeral took place at the family grave yard on the farm Sunday afternoon. Dr. Elder lived his whole life in Crittenden county, excepting a few years spent in Illinois when a young single man.

SALE NOTICE.

I will on the 15th day of January, 1904, at the late residence of Jesse W. Deboe, dec'd, offer for sale all the personal property of said Deboe, consisting of horses, cattle, hogs, corn, hay, farming implements, wagon, buggy, and household goods; and will also rent farm for the ensuing year.

This January 4, 1904.
2w Eliza R. Deboe, Exrx.

Lost, Solid Gold Watch.

I have lost my solid gold watch. It had engraved on inside of case, "M. Schwab, 1891," and Masonic emblem engraved on back. Ten dollars reward will be paid for its return to Press office, and no questions asked.

M. Schwab.

DR. C. A. POWERS,



The Renowned spectacle and Eye Glass Man

Will be at the Cottage Hotel Marion, Ky., until January 18th, and will be glad to see his old friends or any stranger needing his assistance.

OUR FRANKFORT LETTER.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 12, 1904.—DEAR PRESS: It will indeed give me pleasure to send you the happenings at the State capital this winter, as far as my duties will allow me to investigate, and my ability to chronicle them go.

One who visits the city in the "off year" would be surprised to see the life that a legislative session infuses into this old town; like the eternity plant, whose arched leaves grow verdant, and whose dried petals glow with a bath of warm water, does this lethargic city rise from its long slumber and put on the air of a capital city, when the moral of the Solan is announced at the city's gates.

The Legislature is as yet, hardly organized, and we must confine our remarks this week chiefly to the personal of that body.

The body is intensely Democratic, both in membership and spirit; a great many "has-beens" have given place to men who come to do the will of a long suffering constituency, who would be fooled no more, and I feel that I may safely prophesy that some wholesome democratic doctrine will soon be crystallized into laws, which an obedient governor will execute to the letter. The future of Kentucky has never been brighter than at present, and with justness, firmness and conservatism as our watchword, we shall be able to make the fire grow still brighter, in the old Kentucky home.

The caucus called for the purpose of nominating a State Librarian and Prison Commissioner resulted in the choice of Miss Pauline Hardin and Hon. George V. Green, the present incumbents. But this work was not accomplished until a triumphant and determined democracy swept aside the cobwebs of opposition, reorganized the caucus and placed themselves on record for state uniformity of text books in this commonwealth. Much feeling was shown on both sides. At one time the excitement ran high; great shafts of oratory were flung by the strong arms of Speaker Brown, Senators Hickman, Campbell and Byron, and I must say that they were received upon the awaiting shield of another fully as determined.

The membership of both houses exceeds the former session in being older, stronger and more resolute. As to professions they predominate them: farmers, merchants, doctors, lawyers and teachers; and I find that the farmer element, besides being the greatest in number, also ranks the highest in capacity and intellectual force, which shows that the sturdy yeomanry has found that they must not leave legislation entirely to others.

We find that but thirty-one Republicans withstood the great tidal wave of Democracy which rolled from the Mississippi to the mountain tops last fall, and the most of those faces are new to me, only Jim Rogers of Christian and Gov. Worthington of Greenup remind me of the bygone days; and pleasant remembrance it is, too, for they both voted for the Bock Bill, and survived the flood, while "their lovely companions are faded and gone." We shall see if their comrades of this session profit by their example.

The First district delegation make a splendid showing this time and has among its number some whose names will soon be household words throughout our state and nation; especially do we mention Henry Lawrence, of Trigg, and Senator Campbell, of McCracken. These men can not fail to succeed, as no more faithful servants ever knelt at the feet of a worthy constituency.

Our old friend Rainy Wells has not lost any of his fighting qualities and his voice will be heard again in behalf of cheaper school books and longer school terms.

The Gibraltar can boast of more old vets who wore the gray, than any other district. They are Senators George and Gilbert and Representatives Clarke, Ray and Davis. Mr. Jones of Caldwell is the only Republican.

You will doubtless want to hear about our member, the Hon. Everett Butler. While he has not yet had the opportunity to show his metal, I will say that you need not have any misgivings about him, but rest assured that your interests will be looked after; for no truer christian spirit resides in the body of any member of either house than he. His Democracy is unquestioned and his loyalty to his friends can not be shaken, while his devotion to the cause of justice is as stable as the Rock of Gibraltar itself.

In the matter of offices the Penryrie succeeded in capturing the speakership, assistant clerk of

both houses, doorkeeper of senate and five pages.

I hope next week to be able to tell you of the committees and some progress in legislation.

With best wishes,
Your servant,
MARION F. POGUE.

HURRICANE.

As there has never been any thing from this part of the country I will venture a few things by way of introduction.

The place from which we write is situated near the Hurricane camp ground, and we are in a comparatively new neighborhood, owing to the fact the greater part of the farms have changed hands within the past year. G. R. Williams moved out, B. M. George moved in; John Vaughn moved out, Jim Hall moved in; Jim Hall moved out and Hayward Colfield moved in; Hatch Young moved out, Dink Lynn moved in; John Swanagan moved out and Mrs. Clark Robinson moved in; Jim Guess moved out and Tom Sleasaker moved in; Joe Taylor moved out and Jim Minner moved in; Mrs. Lyon moved out and it was so many farms have been optioned in our neighborhood and we think there will be more moving still to come.

We have a little Sunday school at Hurricane every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, with R. M. Franks, Supt.

On Christmas day your scribe was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. McChesney, of Marion, and which I did with much delight. Oh we had such a fine goose for dinner, and what we did for that goose was a plenty. The goose was richly flavored, and oh, such gravy; we have not felt very well since; but it was such a rarity. Mr. McChesney is one of the first men I ever knew in my boyhood days. I ran my first horse race with him more than 10 years ago; my last race was soon after. These old ties linger yet.

Neighbor Joe Lindsey, who has been very sick to up again! Box Belt is still aggrinning. Its a boy.

Uncle Jimmy Lanham's wife has been quite sick but is again up.

George Sullenger has a new pond, and it's got ice on it already.

She has ten ducks now. Last year she had two ducks and two drakes; look out for eggs soon. With best wishes for the Press and its readers, I am yours.

CHAPEL HILL.

Some grippie in our neighborhood.

Doctor Elder, one of our old landmarks, passed away on January 9th, 1904, and was buried at his home graveyard on the 10th, and a large crowd witnessed his burial, consisting of kinsmen and friends. Dr. Elder gave me the first dose of medicine I took when I came to this county thirty years ago.

Miss Mollie Hill from Marion, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hill.

We note the party at Charlie Clement's on last Thursday night was well attended, and the young people all say they had a good old time, with Alvy Stephens at the helm.

The majority of our friends are wondering if Uncle Billy Lloyd has heard of his sack of hickory nuts he should have put on the Christmas tree for his brother of Caldwell county.

Carson Franklin and wife from Lavinia, was a welcome guest of B. F. Walker's Saturday and Sunday.

The wheat crop in our precinct is looking very sorry, it looks just now that wheat oaken next year will come up short.

Some few are burning their plant beds preparatory to raising more tobacco, and we can't sell what we have got; still hanging in the barn.

Mr. C. A. Walker, of Marion, is in our midst to see his boy.

Willie Ward and wife visited J. F. Bigham of Crayneville Saturday night and Sunday.

Eura Bigham and family visited J. N. Hill's Saturday night and Sunday.

Fred Hill and little sister Rena are on the sick list.

TOLU.

Our doctor reports quite a number of cases of sickness in this vicinity. I

Bro. Givens, who was the appointment of filling Bro. Bigham's place, was here Saturday making arrangements to move into the parsonage the latter part of this week.

Bro. Martin preached at the Presbyterian church in this place Sunday at 11 a. m. and Sunday night.

Saturday was a busy day in Tolu, all our merchants doing a fair business.

The river is clear of ice again, but no packets have started out at this writing. They are waiting for the water to get hot.

Mr. E. F. Smith, the new cashier of the Tolu bank, arrived here with his family Friday evening.

Uncle Bill Colfield is very low at this writing and not expected to live but a short time.

Curt Hardin and Herbert Crittenden spent Saturday night and Sunday in Tolu.

Masters Herman and Guy Robb of Salem, visited their grandpa, L. A. Waldon, of this place Sunday.

The latest is a 10 pound boy at Walker Hughes.

Backner Crofts says he did not know the darned old steer was blind when he bought him.

FOR RENT

The well-known T. M. Glenn farm midway between Duncansburg and Fredonia. Splendid residence and all necessary out buildings. Two good tobacco barns. Fifty acres for corn and tobacco, thirty acres for oats. All good land. A bargain. Write or phone. ZED A. BENNETT, Smithland, Ky.

To Whom It May Concern

I will not pay any debts contracted by Mrs. Mary A. Perry. J. B. PERRY. January 11, 1904.

Kind Friends!

The year 1903 is past and gone and the year 1904 bids us at the Old Stand still asking your patronage and promising you it shall be our every wish to please you as it has been in the past, and if good goods, goods, right prices and our true treatment will call in you then you are ours for 1904.

WE HANDLE

as good a line of goods as the market affords and allow no one to beat us in prices and weights; having been doing business with you for 17 years we need no introduction, all we ask is a trial and let the balance rest with you.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, all kinds, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, also Canned Meats and Fish, Soda, Soaps, Starch, Pickles, Sauces, Cakes, Lamps and Globes, Glassware, Queensware, Tinware, Granite ware, Stoneware, Hason, Lard Meal and Flour; in fact every thing to be found in a first class grocery house and remember if we sell you an article that is not good we take it back and refund your money. Don't fail to call on us and bring anything you have to sell, we pay market prices in SPOT CASH.

Yours to Please,

Hearin & Son.

Early Spring and Summer White Goods!

WE ARE SHOWING NEW GOODS IN ALL WEAVES FOR WAISTINGS
AND FOR EARLY SPRING SEWING

COME AND SEE THEM!

THE GOODS AND PRICES ARE RIGHT.

WE ARE THE FIRST TO HAVE THEM!

IT IS A STEP
TO THE SPRING
SEASON OF
1904!

Grand Clean Out Sale of Winter Goods

Buy what you may need, and you will not be disappointed. We are making room by making prices an inducement.

Yandell-Gugemheim Co.

The Press.

S. M. JENKINS,
Editor and Publisher.

ONE YEAR - ONE DOLLAR

THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1904.

C. C. Cook for first class photographs
Come at once.

Dr. C. A. Powers, the specialist, is at
the Cottage Hotel.

Dr. Travis, of Eldersville, was here on
business last Friday.

Cloudy weather as good as clear for
good photographs at C. C. Cook's.

Green B. Crawford, Jos. Guess and
Phin B. Croft, all of Tolu, were here
Monday.

John Sutherland, Jr., leaves today
for Cleveland, Ohio, to enter into the
study of music.

A Leonard Grady, of Blackford, was
in the city last Friday. He is manager
of a big store there.

Rev. Smithson, of Carrsville, was here
last week. While here he sold his place
in Northeast Marion to J. N. Boston.

Preaching Sunday morning at 11
o'clock at the Presbyterian church, by
the pastor, Rev. S. I. Martin.

Layne & Mosley, the mule men, were
with us again County Court day, buy-
ing mules and leaving the cash all over
the county.

R. E. Martin, one of the merchant
princes of Webster county, was here
Sunday and Monday. He is looking for
a location to open a big new store.

Senator Deboe was in Washington,
D. C., last week. Few men stand in
closer touch with the "powers that be"
at Washington than he.

E. P. Stewart, of Owensville, an ex-
pert jeweler, optician and watchmaker,
was here last week looking for a loca-
tion to open a new store.

Hon. Eli Nunn, the old war horse of
Bell's Mines, was in the city Thursday.
Eli Nunn is a representative man, one
all the county is proud of, and we love
him like a brother.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. King are the
happy parents of a third boy, born Jan-
uary 5th. Mr. King formerly attended
school here, and is now County Super-
intendent of Schools of Lyon county.

I have rented Mr. Kingston's gallery
for a short time. Those wishing first class
photographs will do well to call at once.
Cloudy weather as good as clear; my
work shows for itself. C. C. Cook.

R. N. Grady, of this county, who has
large landed interests in the western
section, is spending the winter at Tampa
Fla. He hopes the mild climate and
gulf breezes will be a benefit to his
health.

LOST—Between Marion and Repton
on the public road, on Sunday after-
noon, January 10th, a satchel containing
a dress (waist and skirt) and some hand-
kerchiefs. A reward for its return to
Gill House, Marion, Ky. Mrs. John-
son Ray.

Mrs. G. G. Haker, sister of Mr. Gus
Taylor, whom she visited Christmas
week, is grief-stricken over the loss of
her beautiful little boy, six years old,
who died a few days after he was here
with his mother. Mr. and Mrs. Haker
have the sympathy of all parents in this
keen affection.

Harvey Gass and Chas. M. Dillard
and little son, Isaac, of Ridgway, Ill.,
have been visiting relatives in the
county this week. They left for home
Tuesday morning. Harvey is farming
in Illinois, and Mr. Dillard is agent for
the Standard Oil Co.

The Marion Hardware Co. has se-
cured the services of Dan Browning,
Robt. Hodges, David Driskill and Will
Browning, and will continue at the
same stand to handle all the leading
brands of farming implements, wagons,
buggies, carriages, traps, pumps, etc., in
fact a first class stock of hardware.
The Press bespeaks for them a liberal
share of public patronage.

The Kentucky Legislature, in naming
committees, placed Hon. T. Everett
Butler on the following: 1. Kentucky
Statutes. 2. Chairman of Educational
committee. 3. Mines and Mining. 4.
Suffrage and Elections. 5. County and
City Courts. 6. Criminal Law. 7. En-
rollment. To be placed on so many and
such important committees is a compli-
ment to his ability, and shows at once
how our Representative stands in the
House. Our hat is off to Mr. Butler.

ADAMS-HILL.

Mr. C. A. Adams and Miss Annie Hill,
daughter of Mr. H. Spillman Hill, went
to Princeton on the 24th of last month
and were quietly married by Rev. A. J.
Thomson at the New Palace Hotel. On
their return home they were given a
sumptuous Christmas dinner by Mr.
W. S. Adams, the father of the groom.
Mr. Adams is one of the most sub-
stantial farmers in Crittenden county,
while Miss Hill is a very highly esteemed
young woman of the Crayneville neigh-
borhood. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will reside
on his farm south of Marion. The
Press extends congratulations and
wishes them much joy and happiness.

On account of the wedding occurring
Christmas week, when we printed no
paper, it was unintentionally overlooked
last week, for which we ask pardon.

EDITOR.

Splendid Farm For Sale.

One of the best in the county. 83
acres on Piney, six miles south east of
Marion. Five acres in timber, all ridge
level land. Fine tobacco and stock
farm. Five rooms and hall in residence.
Fine stock barn; two tobacco barns; all
necessary out-buildings. Good well and
cistern and plenty of stock water; good
fences. \$1,500; one-half cash; balance
in twelve months. This farm should
bring \$1,800. S. M. JENKINS,
Press Office.

INSURANCE

Agency of
Bourland & Haynes,
MARION, KY.

Fire, Life and Tornado,
Health and Accident,
Employers Liability,
Steam Boiler, Plate Glass,
Etc., Etc.

All business entrusted to our
care will receive prompt and care-
ful attention.

The Protracted Meeting.

The Rev. Fred D. Hale, one of the
most distinguished divines of whom the
State can boast, is in our midst and is
giving Marion a treat in the way of
splendid discourses at the Baptist
church. Rev. Hale is forcible and his
arguments go to the quick. He is a
fluent talker, a fine theologian and holds
the attention of his audience in a way
that will bring results. The people of
Marion are showing their appreciation
of his ability by going to hear him. The
house is crowded at every service and
the interest is increasing.

CITY ORDINANCE.

The City Council of the City of Ma-
rion, Ky., do ordain as follows:
That Section 1 and Sub Section C of
Ordinance No. 2, of the Ordinances of
the City of Marion, Ky., be and the
same is hereby amended as follows: By
striking out the word "fifteen" in line
one of said sub-section and inserting in
lieu thereof the word "twenty-five," so
that said section, when so amended, will
read as follows:
That the salary of the City Treasurer
of said Council be and the same is fixed
at twenty-five dollars per annum, pay-
able quarterly.

Passed and approved January 12, 1904.
J. W. BLUE, Jr., Mayor.
J. C. BOLHARDT, City Clerk.

Surprised Their Friends.

Mr. Albert M. Henry and Miss Lela
James quickly repaired to the Rev. T. A.
Conway's residence last Monday even-
ing and were joined by him in the holy
bonds of wedlock.

Miss James is the daughter of John
S. James and is quite a favorite in her
circle. She has many friends.

Mr. Henry is the son of Rev. J. S.
Henry and is a young man of sterling
integrity. He is engaged with his father
in the insurance business. They repre-
sent some fine companies and are get-
ting a nice business.

The ceremony was witnessed by only
a few friends. We extend them con-
gratulations and wish them much hap-
piness along the pathway of life.

A Pleasant Event.

On Tuesday evening a party of young
people of the Sheridan neighborhood
quietly repaired to the depot at Marion,
where they embarked on the train for
Dixon. Consequences were as follows:

On Wednesday evening, December
30th, at the residence of Mr. A. N.
Stallion, Mr. Henry Terry and Miss
Autie Davis were happily united in the
holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. G. W.
Pangburn officiating. After the cere-
mony and the many congratulations by
the pleasant party who were assembled
to witness and enjoy the occasion, all
were invited to the dining-room, where
was a beautiful and nicely set table
filled with good things to eat, which all
sumptuously enjoyed.

The bride is the daughter of Henry
Davis and the groom is a son of G. A.
Terry, all well-known and highly re-
spected citizens of the Sheridan neigh-
borhood.

Mrs. Stallion, the hostess, is a daugh-
ter of G. A. Terry.

May heaven's choicest blessings rest
upon all parties, and may a long, pros-
perous and happy life be in store for the
young and brave couple, is the wish of
A FRIEND.

Fine Farm For Sale.

A bargain; would be cheap at \$1,080,
112 acres; six miles south of Marion.
15 acres in timber; 10 acres in branch
bottom; balance ridge land. House of
three rooms, good stock barn, tobacco
barn, grainery and all necessary out-
buildings. Never-failing spring runs
through the farm. Cistern; good fences.
\$1,250; one-half cash, balance in twelve
months. S. M. JENKINS,
Press Office.

BOWLING CONTESTS.

Progress vs. Backnumbers.—
"Buds" vs. "Roses."

On Tuesday, January 5th, the Prog-
ress and Backnumber teams met on the
"alleys" and contested for honors. The
game was interesting from the start and
highly enjoyed. The highest score, 181,
was made for the Progress club by C. C.
Taylor, and the same for the Back-
numbers by Dr. R. J. Morris. The
Progress club won the game by 107
points. The following is the score:

PROGRESS	1	2	3	Total	Avg
J. W. Lamb,	129	169	110	408	136
Chas. Moore,	175	170	137	482	160 2/3
Roy Gilbert,	136	177	157	470	156 2/3
Henry Haynes,	122	161	100	443	147 2/3
C. C. Taylor,	129	184	134	447	149
Total	691	558	608	2,245	149

BACKNUMBERS	1	2	3	Total	Avg
H. H. Sayre,	145	126	133	404	134 2/3
Jno. Moore,	137	133	103	373	124 1/3
Dr. R. J. Morris,	138	181	185	504	168
Geo. Roberts,	132	134	150	416	138 2/3
Jno. Wilson,	165	158	117	440	146 2/3
Total	717	558	687	2,132	142 1/3

On Friday evening a bowling contest
took place between five married ladies
and five young girls, or, as the women
themselves phrased it, "between the
married ladies and the ladies who
wanted to be married." When the
game started there were only two men
in the house who were willing to bet
against the girls, but at the end of the
first game excitement was intense. The
married women were ahead ninety two
points. In the second game they won
by a majority of sixty one points. Only
in the third did the wheel of fortune
turn to the young girls, they having won
the last game with seventeen points
ahead. It was the most exciting con-
test ever witnessed in Marion, and the
audience becoming so enthusiastic that
they greeted each winner with loud
applause, beating of tin pans, blowing
horns and cheering. The highest scores
of the evening were made by Mrs. H. H.
Sayre and Mrs. John Wilson. Follow-
ing is the score:

M. L.	1	2	3	Total
Mrs. H. H. Sayre,	113	127	112	352
"Jno. Wilson,	104	108	125	337
"Rob. Haynes,	105			105
"E. C. Moore,	91	63		154
"Chas. Moore,	73	77		150
"Rob. Haynes,	90	87	100	277
"C. S. Nunn,	485	490	451	1,426
S. L.				
Miss Ruby James,	61	96	93	250
"Lella Wilborn,	75	80	114	269
"Evelyn Shelby,	92	83	80	255
"Della Barnes,	73	69	77	219
"Kitty Gray,	83	100	101	284
Total	387	428	478	1,293

Difference in favor of M. L. 143
Judging from the enthusiasm, it was
a very enjoyable occasion, and we are
sure that in a few months several of
the Marion ladies will equal the best in
the country in that most popular sport,
bowling.

Cured Lumbago.

A. B. Bannan, Chicago, writes March
4, 1903: "Having been troubled with
Lumbago at different times and tried
one physician after another and then
different treatments and liniments gave
it up altogether. So I tried once more
and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Lin-
iment which gave me immediate relief.
I can cheerfully recommend it and will
add my name to your list of former suf-
ferers." 25c, 50c and \$1.

Pleasant and Effective.

T. J. Chambers, Editor Vindicator,
Liberty Texas, writes Dec 25, 1902: "I
with pleasure and unhesitatingly you,
bear testimony to the curative powers
of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have
used it in my family and can cheerfully
affirm it is the most effective and the
pleasantest remedy for coughs and colds
I have ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.

Look Out For The February New Era.

It will come out enlarged from a 12
column to a 16 column paper, printed on
extra fine and heavy glazed book paper
and set up by expert workman, such as
Marion alone can furnish. The whole
tone and make-up of the paper will be
enlarged, improved and strictly up-to-
date. It will be a courageous paper for
fearless people. Chained to no Creed,
Tied nor Harassed to no "ism"—a
Thorough Searcher for all the Truth in
all its bearings, based upon the state-
ment that the growth of man is limit-
less and his power commensurate with
the unfoldment of his immense brain
capacity, and that he has the innate
power to master environment and con-
quer all things and conditions about
him, both high and low. No student of
higher thought movements or observer
of modern, up-to-date progress should
be without this educator and race eman-
cipator. Just the paper for school chil-
dren. It contains articles from some of
the most thoroughly practical reasoners
and logical thinkers of the county—
whose contributions will appear in the
New Era from month to month—de-
voted to Higher Philosophy, Health,
Good Citizenship, Business Success and
Current Events. Subjects of import-
ance in the February issue: Complete
Masthead, The Editor's Interview
With a Reporter, Those Marriageable
Women, How to Cure the Blues, The
Immunity of Thought Power, Sugges-
tion, Jimmy and the Deacon, The Ugly
Looking Man's Advantage, (by one of
Marion's own Beautiful Women. Can
you guess who she may be? Subscribe
and find out.) Whoopie, How Good I
Feel, How to Succeed in Society, and
others. The editor would kindly ask
the readers of the Press to lend a help-
ing hand by subscribing, and thereby
assist him in bringing this orphan to the
light of personal sunshine and useful-
ness. Could you do anything more
enobling toward your fellowman than
just this? Let us all band together in
making this orphan a great force and
power for mental, physical and moral
uplifting. Don't miss this great illus-
trated issue for February. It's only 25
cents per year; 3 cents per copy in ad-
vance. If you don't want it for a year,
send 3 cents for the February issue by
all means. Do it Now. You will be
awake all night to read it. Get your
uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, friends
and everyone you know, yes, even your
Mother-In-Law to send 3 cents for the
great February issue. If you do, some-
thing will break loose about the first of
February you never saw or heard the
like of. Address

THE NEW ERA PUB. CO.,
Marion, Ky.

Little Folks' Corner.

For Children Under 12.

First correct answers were received
from Miss Gwendolene Haynes and Miss
Fannie Blue. In drawing the names
the two answers stuck together and
both were drawn, so both got a prize.
Other correct answers were received
from Mamie Flannery, Katie Stephenson,
Wilber Boston, Margaret Joiner, Mamie
Love, Robt. Jenkins, Rhea Love, Mary
Green, Virginia Blue, Orlin Moore, all
of Marion, and Laura Threlkeld, Tolu.
This week's puzzle:
Place the first nine figures, 1 to 9 in-
clusive, so as to make 15 in every line
you add them—crossways, catacombed
or straight down.

No Pity Shown.

"For year fate was after me continu-
ously," writes F. A. Gullede, Verbe-
na, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles,
causing 24 tumors. When all else fail-
ed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. It is
equally good for burns and all aches
and pains. Only 25c at Woods & Co's,
drug store.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Since our last report the following
have paid their subscription to date
given:

J. F. Kamp, Iron Hill	1905 1-1
Jas. Arfack, Marion	1904 1-15
G. T. Belt, Sheridan	1904 1-1
J. C. Stephenson, Tolu	1904 1-1
R. L. Williams, Tolu	1905 1-1
F. W. Moore, Repton	1904 6-20
A. L. Lucas, Repton	1905 1-1
E. E. Newcomb, Repton	1905 1-1
J. F. Threlkeld, Levas	1905 1-1
J. R. Dunn, Salem	1904 1-1
J. R. Conger, Tennessee	1903 11-11
T. N. Lowery, Salem	1905 1-1
Mary Lynn, Tennessee	1904 3-13
W. H. Heath, Salem	1905 1-1
Dr. J. W. Crawford, Blandville	1904 12-12
Rev. T. V. Joiner, Marion	1904 10-10
W. A. Newcomb, Mattoon	1905 1-1
Wm. Newcomb, Blackford	1905 1-1
Susie Cole, Ind. Ter.	1904 12-19
J. F. Hughes, Mattoon	1905 4-1
W. G. Condit, Marion	1904 12-17
Jas. Paris, Marion	1904 1-1
R. J. Nunn, Marion	1905 1-1
Robt. Fisk, Marion	1904 8-13
J. L. Rankin, Marion	1904 6-22
S. L. Rutter, Marion	1904 2-28
J. W. Bigham, Marion	1905 1-26
J. W. Trisler, Marion	1904 9-1
W. I. Clark, Smithland	1904 12-1
Sam Hinkle, Kealey	1905 1-1
D. W. Jones, Tolu	1905 1-1
J. M. McChesney, Marion	1904 11-24
Foster Threlkeld, Tolu	1904 12-1
J. S. Henry, Marion	1904 11-2
J. M. Baker, Marion	1905 1-1
Mrs. S. J. Crawford, Hardesty	1905 1-1
Hull Newcomb, Rodney	1904 11-1
R. Stephenson, Marion	1904 7-4
J. W. Stephenson, Missouri	1904 7-4
G. L. Moore, Sheridan	1905 1-1
P. E. Shewmaker, Marion	1905 1-1
H. G. Howard, Salem	1904 9-1
W. H. Barnett, Salem	1904 1-1
Silas Guess, Marion	1905 1-1
J. S. James, Marion	1905 1-1
E. J. Hayward, Marion	1904 7-5
J. B. Hubbard, Marion	1904 11-3
R. H. Kemp, Marion	1905 1-1
Mrs. F. Brantley, Iron Hill	1904 11-3
Wm. Fowler, Marion	1903 1-1
F. M. Davidson, Marion	1905 1-1
Jas. Henry, Dycusburg	1904 10-1
T. N. Bracy, Fords Ferry	1903 12-3
W. D. Johnson, Fredonia	1904 11-1
J. L. Baldauf, Henderson	1904 3-1
R. L. Chron, Missouri	1904 12-3
R. M. Allen, Marion	1903 6-29
G. W. Howerton, Repton	1905 1-1
H. Ledbetter, Illinois	1904 1-1
H. H. Mayes, Shady Grove	1903 11-3
D. N. Riley, Marion	1904 1-1
J. E. Dean, Marion	1905 1-1
W. H. Wofford, Wash., D. C.	1905 1-1
Laura Bigham, Marion	1904 8-1
H. D. McChesney, Salem	1904 11-4
J. N. Dean, Iron Hill	1905 1-1
C. E. Weldon, Cairo, Ill.	1904 9-1
S. A. Wheeler, Dawson	1904 4-1
E. L. Wood, Mattoon	1905 1-1
W. R. Vaughn, (Dick) Lola	1904 7-1
C. G. Moreland, Fords Ferry	1904 1-1
C. H. McConnell, Shady Grove	1905 1-1
Jasper N. Mullinax, View	1904 9-17
G. W. Mathews, Frances	1904 3-1
C. O. Pogue, Frances	1905 1-1
D. W. Ralston, Frances	1904 11-23
S. R. Lucas, Tolu	1904 8-22
J. F. Price, Marion	1904 11-1
A. Jones, Levas	1905 1-1
T. A. Conway, Marion	1904 10-10
Jas. Gabb, Carrsville	1904 1-1
Jas. Couch, Rye, Col.	1905 1-1
Loren Boyd, Joy	1905 1-1
J. N. Boston, Marion	1905 1-1
Eugene S. Love, Marion	1905 1-1
H. K. Woods, Marion	1905 1-1
J. H. Orme, Marion	1905 1-1
C. J. Haury, Marion	1905 1-1
C. E. Doss, Marion	1905 1-1
R. Coffield, Ind. Ter.	1905 1-1
W. E. Chippis, Bayou	1904 9-25
C. H. Wilson, Smithland	1905 1-1
J. A. Lewis, Frances	1905 1-1
Geo. D. Murphy, Texas	1905 1-1
Mrs. Isabel Hopkins, Texas	1904 7-4
W. E. Dowell, Tolu	1905 1-1
B. Dean, Detroit, Texas	1902 1-1
F. Woodson, Blackford	1905 1-1

TOLU.

T. T. Guess fell on the ice, inflicting quite a painful wound on his jaw, and rendering him unconscious for a time. Tall said the blamed ice was slick as glass. He thinks some fellow must have greased it.

J. C. Wolf passed through this place Monday en route to Illinois, his new field of labor.

Forrest Harris bought 35,000 bushels of corn last Saturday at 40c a bushel. Brown & Bozeman came in about noon and the bidding was lively awhile, closing at 40c after all was sold.

We have had no mail by river for four weeks. The packets were to start out Monday morning, but there came another big frost and they would not venture out.

P. B. Croft bought upward of six hundred dollars worth of young cattle of Threlkeld and Hinne last week.

Deputy's Hicklin and Flanary were here Monday getting some of the boys ready for court.

Miss Mima Weldon was quite ill for several days the past week, but is much improved at this writing.

Charles Minner spent Christmas day at Sheridan.

Sunday school at Hurricane every Sunday morning at half past ten, and every one is invited to come and help carry on the good work.

Leslie Love is buying a dog now and then, he says. By the way he don't aim to live out of doors next winter if he can help it, and he says he thinks he can help his part of it.

J. W. Sherer says old Dick just suits him, and he wouldn't take a hundred for him.

Uncle Tom Threlkeld will move to this neighborhood soon, where he will live the next year.

Win A Love made a trip to Fords Ferry last Saturday.

The singing at Uncle Gil Threlkeld's last Sunday night was excellent.

The congregation was small at Hurricane the last night of the year.

Elb Sullenger passed through this neighborhood last Thursday.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Charles Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed three \$1 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 55 pounds." Its absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free at Woods & Co's drug store.

IRMA.

We are having some very nice weather now.

Mrs. Belle Compton has moved from S. C. Jackson's to the Mott place.

Chesley Belt, Oscar Harris and Claud McMaisters, have gone to Arkansas to seek their fortunes in foreign lands as tie hacks. Our best wishes go with them.

Mrs. Ollie Hughes who has been confined to her room for some time is improving.

Mrs. Martha Hardesty, of near Hardesty, Ky., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mollie Tackwell, near Irma.

Catherine Thackwell and brother attended the pound supper at Sammie Sullenger's last Tuesday night.

The party at Luther Hardesty's last Wednesday night was greatly enjoyed by the young folks, especially by Deller and Bartley.

Lawrence Tackwell and Miss Birdie Spees, Henry Sullenger and Miss Roxie Crawford, attended the pound supper at Sammie Sullenger's last week.

Our Ollie in Washington.

There is always an interesting discussion at the opening of every session as to the "best looking man" in the congress, and every session brings new candidates for favor. The "Apollonship" of the Fifty-eighth congress is now claimed by his friends for Congressman James, of the First district of Kentucky. He is over six feet tall in his stockings, is a bridegroom, modest to a fault. Therefore the contest will have to be settled without any interference from Mr. James. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is another of the athletic group of new congressmen, and he was the recipient of an automobile full of flowers on making his debut.—National Magazine.

MISS SUSIE GILBERT.

Dr. W. H. Crawford, of the Louisville College of Dentistry, is the guest of Mr. R. H. Deau and family, of South Broadway.

Miss Susie Gilbert, of the State College, returned to her home in Marion, Ky., to spend the rest of the holidays, after a pleasant visit to friends in Louisville. She expects to return Saturday to Lexington to resume her studies.—Lexington Leader.

The Weather Calendar.

The Chattanooga Medicine Co., the manufacturers of Wine of Cardui, and Thedford's Black Draught have just issued the 1904 edition of their Cardinal Weather Chart and Calendar. This Calendar with its 13 sheets 13x20 inches, in size makes a bright ornament for the wall and is a useful acquisition in any home or office on account of the displayed weather predictions. The prominent numbers can be read across a large room as can the colored signal figures showing the weather conditions for each day. These weather signals illustrate the forecasts of Prof. Andrew J. Devoe, who achieved great prominence by his accurate predictions of the great Galveston, St. Louis and Minnesota storms and cyclones. So great is the popularity of these predictions that they are printed in 2,500,000 of these calendars and in 18,000,000 of the Ladies Birthday Almanacs, which is issued by the Chattanooga Medicine Co. each year. We understand a copy of this weather chart and calendar may be secured by sending 10c in stamps to the Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Any of our readers who have not secured a copy of the Ladies Birthday Almanac can get one by sending their address to "Ladies Birthday Almanac," Chattanooga, Tenn., or by calling on the druggist.

FEMALE WEAKNESS

643 1-2 Congress St.
Portland, Maine, Oct. 17, 1902.
I consider Wine of Cardui superior to any doctor's medicine I ever used and I know whereof I speak. I suffered for nine months with suppressed menstruation which completely prostrated me. Pains would shoot through my back and sides and I would have blinding headaches. My limbs would swell up and I would feel so weak I could not stand up. I naturally felt discouraged for I seemed to be beyond the help of physicians, but Wine of Cardui came as a God-send to me. I felt a change for the better within a week. After nineteen days treatment I menstruated without suffering the agonies I usually did and soon became regular and without pain. Wine of Cardui is simply wonderful and I wish that all suffering women knew of its good qualities.

Wilhelmina Snow
Treasurer, Portland Economic League

Periodical headaches tell of female weakness. Wine of Cardui cures permanently nineteen out of every twenty cases of irregular menses, bearing down pains or any female weakness. If you are discouraged and doctors have failed, that is the best reason in the world you should try Wine of Cardui now. Remember that headaches mean female weakness. Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today.

WINE OF CARDUI

ACME OF PERFECTION IN FOUNTAIN PEN CONSTRUCTION Quaker City Self-Filling Fountain Pen

NO DIRT, BLOTS OR SPILLED INK!

FOUNTAIN PEN PERFECTION

The Quaker City Self-Filling Fountain Pen Fills Itself and Thereby Fills a Long-Felt Want.

Free Press.

Any reliable time saver is eagerly welcomed by the modern business man. Probably the most forceful illustration of this condition of things in recent years was the enthusiasm with which the fountain pen was greeted. It seemed to mean the saving of so much time and annoyance for so many people that its sale was simply phenomenal.

But the fountain pen was not by any means perfect and its users soon discovered that the bother was only concentrated, instead of being dispensed with. The finest fountain pen would write indifferently well as long as there was ink in it, but when that gave out our busy man had to stop, unscrew an ink cap, hunt around for a filler and the particular ink recommended by the manufacturers of that particular pen and so on through a long process of annoyance.

The manufacturers of the Quaker City Self-Filling Fountain Pen have overcome all this bother and produced a practical writing tool which is as easy to use as if one were simply writing with the filler needed for the old pen. There is nothing to unscrew, nothing to squirt, nothing to lose or get out of order. Its construction is simple and substantial and the operation of filling it is so simple that you wonder nobody thought of it before.

It is merely necessary to dip the pen, pressing it slightly, lift up as usual and go on writing. Its capacity is no less than the bothersome kind.

We feel that we are not over-praising the Quaker City Self-Filling Fountain Pen when we say that it represents the acme of fountain pen achievement.

Only fountain pen that never spills ink, never inks the fingers, needs no filler, can be filled from any ink stand, anywhere! For business men, students, school children—all who use a pen!

COSTS \$1.00!

Looks as well and works far better than any high-priced pen on the market. Doesn't get out of order, doesn't write by fits and starts. Built simply and well, lasts long and writes well, lasts long and writes perfectly all the time.

It Cost \$3700 to Perfect. Protected by Patents

\$1.00 Brings It to Your Door

Money refunded and no questions asked if you are not ENTIRELY SATISFIED. As far ahead of the old-fashioned fountain pen as the modern one is ahead of the quill. No syringe used.

70 Dollars a Gross to Wholesalers

Quaker City Fountain Pen Company,

812 DREXEL BUILDING

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

USED IN LEADING BUSINESS

HOUSES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

812 Drexel Building.

Phil. Pa.

Enclosed find One Dollar for which send me by return mail one Quaker City Self-Filling Fountain Pen.

Name _____
Address _____
City or town _____
State _____

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Backache, Gravel, Gout, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner, he will send you a life time cure just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"I suffered 10 years with backache and kidney trouble. Tried a great many physicians without relief. Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure is the only remedy that ever helped me and after using only two bottles I feel entirely cured. Have no pain or ache of any kind."—Miss ALICE McDONALD, Omaha, Neb.

Druggists, 60c. 41. Ask for Cook Book—FREE.

HAMPTON.

Prof W. C. Canterbury began his second term of school Monday after an intermission of a few days, several new pupils having entered, among the number Miss Fannie Moss and Owen Spicer.

J. Trace Hardin and Chud Gibbs arrived on the midnight train last night, after an absence of a few hours.

Boris Dunn of this place is visiting relatives near Salem.

N. C. Nelson of Bowling Green is visiting friends and relatives here this week. He gave an entertainment at the school building Wednesday.

Prof Canterbury spent a few days in Paducah last week.

Ben Scott will leave in a few days for Bowling Green, where he will enter school.

There is a new pastor in town, surnamed Perryman.

Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has never been equaled. Joe Golobick, of Coburn, Cal., writes, "For 15 years I suffered insufferable pain from Rheumatism, and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and its the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Wood & Co.

WANTED—Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this county and adjoining territory for house of solid financial standing. \$20 straight cash salary and expenses paid each Monday direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced; position permanent. Address manager, 605 Monon Building, Chicago.

Just What You Need.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

When you feel dull after eating.
When you have no appetite.
When you have a bad taste in the mouth.

When your liver is torpid.
When your bowels are constipated.
When you have a headache.
When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25c per box; for sale at Woods.

For sick headache try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets; they will ward off the attack if taken in time, at Woods.

HURRICANE.

As I have never seen anything from this section in the Press, I will risk a few lines for them with the Editor's permission.

Health is generally good at this writing and weather fine.

James Wooten is spending the holidays at his old home in Tennessee.

Owen Threlkeld of Missouri, is at home to spend the holidays.

Burned to the ground and the insurance will not cover the loss. It was Henry Threlkeld's ash hopper that burned, and we understand there was a insurance.

Crossly Murphy visited Fords Ferry Saturday and Sunday. He says that one person can't interest him, but a Nation can.

This community was well represented at Y. M. C. A. day before Christmas, in spite of rain and mud.

Win Love visited relatives near Dunn Springs Saturday and Sunday.

Henry Threlkeld and family visited his brother Robert on Sunday.

Accept No Substitute.

There is nothing just as good for Malaria, Chills and Fever as Dr. Meriden's Chill and Fever Cure. Take it as a general tonic and at all times in place of quinine. If it fails to give satisfaction mail the front of the cartoon to J. C. Meridenall, Evansville, Ind., and get your money back.

Strength and vigor come or good food duly digested. "Force," a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

J. B. KEVIL, LAWYER and City Judge.

Regular term of City Court first Monday in each month.

Office in Mrs. Threlkeld's residence, Marion, Ky.

Dr. JOHN IMMER Practitioner of the Scientific, Manipulative and Suggestive Art of Curing Diseases and Deformities.

Consultation and Examination Free.
Office in Mrs. Threlkeld's residence, Marion, Ky.

L. H. JAMES O. W. JAMES

James & James
LAWYERS
MARION, KY

Just One Minute

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute because it acts on the nerves which control the mucous membrane causing the cough and at the same time clears the phlegm and soothes the inflammation, and thus gets rid of the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, is harmless, and good alike for young and old. At all druggists.

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Champion & Champion LAWYERS, MARION, - KENTUCKY

Will practice in all the courts of the Commonwealth. Special attention given collections.

DR. M. RAYDIN Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

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Dr. F. W. Nung Dentist

Office over James & James law office. Give him a trial, his prices are reasonable and his work first class in every way. Marion Ky

A. C. MOORE Lawyer

Rooms 3 and 4 Bank Building
MARION Ky

Marion Bank.

Established 1887.

Capital fully paid \$20,000
Stockholders Liability 20,000
Surplus 13,500

We offer to depositors and patron every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.
J. W. BLUE, Pr.
T. J. ANDELL, Cashier.

When A Woman Feels Depressed.

has frequent headaches, a "bad case of nerves," lack of appetite, inability to sleep well, a morbid, all-gone feeling. It is not necessarily some dire female malady.

It's the Liver.

Don't fail to get today at your druggists a bottle of

HERBINE

It will quickly and surely restore the Liver, Kidneys and digestive organs to their normal functions. You'll feel like a new woman after taking the first bottle.

50 Cents. ALL DRUGGISTS.

STALKS AS FERTILIZER.

A Great Mistake is Made in Selling Tobacco Stalks.

It is strange that farmers should spend a lifetime in the culture of tobacco, taking out a scanty living caring for the leaf and never learn the value of the stalk as plant and vegetable food, fed back to the land, but such is the fact.

The Tobacco stalk is the rarest plant food, (regarded as waste), that is known to the tobacco farmer and yet seldom utilized to any good purpose. The farmer has no more right to throw away, burn or dispose of his tobacco stalks than he has to treat likewise his barnyard or stable manure. Tobacco stalks certainly belong to the farm where grown, just as other manure and no planter can haul them away or suffer his reuter or cropper to do so without impoverishing his land that much, and advertising himself as a poor farmer. There is a time in every farmer's life, as in every business man's career, when he needs an accommodation, a loan to tide over an emergency, and if he is known as a practical, prosperous husbandman he finds no trouble in obtaining the money from a banker or forehanded neighbor, and the farmer who is without this credit owes it all to himself, for his management is closely observed by neighbors as by business men.

According to the authority of expert chemists of various State experimental stations, a ton of tobacco stalks shows an analysis which placed the fertilizing properties of the stalk at \$12.50 to \$17 in comparison to the prices of commercial or mineral fertilizers, and yet many farmers think it a nice little pick-up when they can pack half a ton of stalks in a wagon and spend a day marketing the load for \$3 or \$4 and then pay three or four times as much for half a ton of mineral fertilizer to raise another crop of tobacco, when the plant food is the thing needed to produce quality. This kind of a thing makes Jordan a hard road to travel, and yet how many thoughtlessly travel it.

Not long since Secretary Wilson, of the National Agricultural Bureau, passed through the tobacco sections lecturing and teaching the people the character of soil best adapted for tobacco growing, the plant food essential to keep the land open and airy, invigorated by the electric current natural to the plant, make the soil produce 1200 to 1500 pounds of rich, heavy tobacco per acre, instead of 600 to 900 pounds of common stuff, made by force or overstimulation from the use of costly mineral fertilizers, and, following this, reap 55 or 30 bushels of wheat per acre, or better still, 40 bushels of barley. How many farmers have profited from these valuable lectures and writings from the bureau, facts ascertained, and demonstrated by costly experiments? Few, indeed, and yet they go on stripping the farm of its best food, impoverishing the soil, producing common tobacco at low prices. Why not organize farmers clubs and discuss these very important questions in connection with the labor system and find a better way. However, no intelligent farmer should suffer himself to be caught hauling off his tobacco stalks to a cheap market, while they are worth so much to the land.—Western Tobacco Journal.

Not Over Wise.

There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grasshopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by Woods & Co.

LETTER FROM J. W. BIGHAM.

TALLENHASSEE, FLA., Jan 6, 1904
DEAR PRESS: At 11:45 Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903, with wife and four children we left dear old Marion, and the number of dear friends who assembled at the depot to take leave of us will linger lovingly in memory for years to come; and as the flying train bearing us southward, left each familiar point about the dear old place in the distance, the line of hills, the white marbles in the cemetery, "silent city of our dead," all faded I breathed an earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father to go with us who were going, and to remain with those left behind.

The travel was without unusual incident, and waiting some hours at Montgomery, the capital city of Alabama, we enjoyed greatly a visit to the capitol building and the Confederate monument on Capitol Hill, the numerous old battle flags of the Confederates, the rusty swords and guns, with other relics afforded us entertainment while examining them. The furniture of the room in which Jeff Davis died is here preserved, and many visitors inspect with reverence these silent, sad reminders of a once illustrious leadership.

Leaving Montgomery at 8 p. m. Dec. 31, we reached Bainbridge, Ga., at 2 a. m., Jan. 1st, 1904, and transferred to the F. & G. C. road—reached the capital of Florida, Tallahassee at 2 p. m., Jan 1, 1904. We were cordially received by the ladies of Trinity M. E. church, South, my new charge, and after a splendid dinner provided, consisting of turkey and oysters, celery and cranberries, cakes, Florida fruits, and superb coffee, and all embellished with choice flowers, the weary preacher and family felt assured that we were among friends indeed, and a people able and willing to make their pastor comfortable.

My new charge, Trinity, is the strongest church in the capital. The Parsonage, newly equipped in every department, and with 10 rooms, water and gas, is an ideal preacher's home and we feel inclined to enjoy it. The roses about our door, violets blooming in the yard, our fig trees budding, while the stately pecan trees, lately so full of fruit, promise us a shade for summer and a harvest yet to come.

The Florida State College, with

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture is the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

LA GRIPPE—PNEUMONIA

So many people who have apparently recovered from an attack of *La Grippe* are stricken with *Pneumonia*. This is due to the fact that the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs are left weak and unable to resist disease.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

not only cures *La Grippe Coughs*, and prevents *Pneumonia*, but strengthens the Lungs so they will not be susceptible to the development of serious lung troubles. Do not take chances with some unknown preparation that may contain some harmful drug when FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR costs you no more and is safe and sure. Contains no opiates.

I had a bad case of *La Grippe* about ten years ago which left my Lungs so weak that I have been troubled more or less every winter since until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, which cured me completely and my Lungs no longer trouble me.—J. H. BROWNING, D.D.S., Orrick, Mo.

G. VACHER, 157 Osgood St., Chicago, says: "My wife had a very severe case of *La Grippe*, and it left her with a very bad cough. She tried a bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR and it gave immediate relief."

The 50c bottles contain two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottles almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

R. F. HAYNES, LEADING DRUGGIST, MARION, KY.

Prof. Evans, Reading and Recital!

Friday, January 22, 1904

AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M., AT

Crayneville, Kentucky,

IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

Crayneville and vicinity will have the pleasure of hearing Prof. Charles Evans in his inimitable Readings and Recitations. We hope all will avail themselves of this privilege.

Admission 25 Cents - Children 15 Cents.

Special Family Rates.

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Direct to Havana

Via Illinois Central R. R. to New Orleans and the weekly Southern Pacific S. S., "Louisiana," to Havana. Leave Chicago and Cincinnati Friday morning, leave St. Louis and Louisville Friday noon, arrive New Orleans Saturday 10:30 a. m., leave Saturday 2:00 p. m., arriving at Havana Monday morning. Round trip and one-way through tickets at unusually low rates. Free Illinois Central R. R. Illustrated Folder on Cuba, giving all particulars, on application.

Ocean Steamships From New Orleans

Ocean steamship sailings from New Orleans for Mexico, Panama, Central and South America, West Indies and Europe concisely set forth in a special folder issued by the Illinois Central R. R. Send for a copy.

Mexico-California

Special tours of Mexico and California via the Illinois Central and New Orleans under the auspices of Raymond & White, will leave Chicago Friday, February 12, for Mexico and California via New Orleans, including a stop over for the Mardi Gras; also from Chicago Friday, March 12, for California via the Illinois Central and New Orleans. Entire trips made in special private vestibule trains of finest Pullmans, with dining car service. Fascinating trips, complete in every detail.

Illinois Central Weekly Excursions to California. Excursion Cars through to Los Angeles and San Francisco as follows: Via New Orleans and the Southern Route every Wednesday from Chicago; every Tuesday from Cincinnati. Via Omaha and the Scenic Route every Wednesday from Chicago.

Mardi Gras

This occurs at New Orleans on February

10, 1904. For its excursion rates will be in effect to New Orleans on special dates which your local ticket agent will be able to advise you.

New Orleans

A delightfully unique city for the tourist to visit. Winter tourist rates now in effect. Double daily service and fast steam-heated vestibule trains with through sleeping cars, buffet library smoking car service and all meals served in dining cars. Ask for an illustrated book on New Orleans.

Gulfport, Miss.

The Great Southern Hotel, at Gulfport, Miss., on the Mexican Gulf Coast, has 250 rooms single or on suite, with or without bath. Steam heat, electric light, hot and cold running water, and telephone in every room. Reached via Memphis and the Illinois Central's fast morning trains, carrying sleeping and buffet library cars, with a single change, on same train en route at Memphis, into through sleeping car to Gulfport. Send for illustrated folder describing Gulfport and the hotel.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Direct Pullman Sleeping Car Service via Memphis. Send for book describing this most interesting of health and pleasure resort.

Full Particulars Concerning all of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing the nearest of the undersigned representatives of the "Central."

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville.

A. J. McDUGALL, D. P. A., N. O.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

AND A. SCOTT, A. G. P. A., Memphis.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box at Woods.

Dysintery Cured.

"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux," dysentery, says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn., "I used one small bottle Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world. There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for the bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. Never fails and is pleasant to take. At Woods.

WANTED:—A trustworthy gentleman or lady is each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of \$18 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclosed addressed envelope. Manager, 350 Caxton Bldg Chicago.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and itching humors. Sold everywhere.

THOUSANDS SAVED BY DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La-Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. Every bottle guaranteed. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial bottle free.

NEW SALEM.

Mrs. Mary Taylor, widow of E. H. Taylor, is quite sick at the residence of her son, William Taylor.

A great deal of complaining is being done in nearly every family—mostly gripp.

Everyone having an ice house, filled it last week with the finest 5 1/2 inch ice.

Lawson Franklin moved last week to the Mills place near Salem. Lawson was a good, quite neighbor.

Sheard Hale will move to the farm vacated by Lawson Franklin.

Times seem to be getting a little closer every day on the farmer, especially those depending on a tobacco crop. From present prospects the 1904 crop of tobacco will be the shortest since the war, as about the twentieth man has burned beds and sown seed.

With no tobacco crop and the worst prospects for a wheat crop in 20 years, it does indeed look rather blue for the farmer. Now, if our mining interests should come to a standstill it would cause harder times in our county than we have seen since the war, but we see no cause for the mines closing, but from present indications the mining operations will be on a larger and better paying basis during the present year than ever before.

Mrs. Hallie Baker received news last week of the death of her aunt, Mrs. Susan Boaz. Mrs. Boaz will be remembered by many of our older citizens, as she and her husband, William Boaz, (more familiarly known as Buck) were old residents of this neighborhood. Mr. Boaz having been born and reared near New Salem church. Mrs. Boaz had many friends in this section.

Mrs. Eva Eaton and daughter Miss Cleo, of Salem, were the guests of Esq. Harpending's family last Sunday.

John Harpending came over from the Flanery mines Saturday night and spent Sunday with his father's family, returning to the mines Sunday evening.

We notice with pleasure what the PRESS, in its last issue, has to say about turnpikes. We have always advocated turnpikes in our county. We look at it in this light: First, what would be the increase in value of every foot of real estate in the county? Not only would the increase be in real estate, but also in personal property. Second, how many dollars would leave the county that was paid for the building? Look today at our county, since the railroad was built, but the building of a pike differs greatly from the building of a railroad. While in the construction of a railroad 3-5 of the money goes out of the county never to return, while to build a turnpike there need not one cent leave the county. All of the material necessary to put a turnpike in operation we have in abundance, and near most of the roads that would be built. Then again, the construction of the road would give employment to all the spare teams and men. So you see at a glance that the county loses nothing, but gains in wealth; not only to the present generation, but to our children and our children's children. We have almost seen our three-score years, Mr. Editor, and know that according to nature we would be benefited but a few years by the road, but we want to have times better for our children, and we would say, give us a reasonable tax and build us a turnpike.

Miss Mary Austin returned home Saturday after a two-weeks visit to her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Binkley, of Pinckneyville.

Heyd & Sisco have moved their well auger machinery from Robt. Mahan's. They drilled a 65-foot well for Mr. Mahan, striking a fine supply of the best of water.

Well Mr. Editor, we all looked for the big issue of the PRESS, and were right smartly disappointed, but we got a No. 1 copy of the PRESS, with the promise of the big one later on.

DYOUSBURG.

Rev Cook Kinsolving preached at the Baptist church Sunday night.

Rev John Fralich will fill his regular appointment at the Methodist church Sunday, Jan 17th.

Rev Jos Crow spent several hours in Dycusburg Saturday; he filled his appointment at Grove Chapel Sunday.

Str Buttrick, unable to make her way to Paducah through the ice last week, turned back, and some passengers who had boarded her for that city stepped off again at Dycusburg.

Miss Alice Crouch is the guest of Mrs Sallie Robinson.

Bennett Bros will buy tobacco in large quantities this season.

Uncle Henry Mitchell has returned from his extended stay with his children in Marion.

J. A. Graves, with his niece, Miss Lilly Graves, and nephew, Leander Graves, left Sunday night for visit to Paducah.

A number of ties were shipped from our landing last week.

It is reported that Mr. Aaron Charles contemplates removing to Tilene, Livingston county, and that Mr. G. M. Yancey will purchase his town property here and present it to his daughter, Mrs. Chas Brazier. It is also reported that Yancey Bros. will erect a fine business house at the stand now occupied by Bennett Bros., and that that firm will remove their large stock of merchandise to the Bank block.

Mr Pate Wells, whose broad acres lie just across the Cumberland, is negotiating for the purchase of a house and lot in Dycusburg. A trade is pending between himself and S. H. Cassidy for the purchase of Mr. Cassidy's residence.

Our new town board, G. M. Yancey, E. G. Brown, F. F. Charles, Fred Ramage, J. A. Graves, has been sworn into office before notary public C. L. Burks.

Mrs Greenlee, of Paducah, has been visiting relatives and children in this vicinity.

Some new lamps add to the beauty and convenience of the city hall.

Jan. 11th, in Louisville, Cassidy & Co. had a meeting with their creditors to adjust financial difficulties.

Flourishing Sunday schools is what Dycusburg has long needed for the training of the youth.

Geo Steel has annexed a handsome tansorial parlor to his post office.

IRON HILL.

Mrs J. M. Walker has returned from Paducah, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs Cook.

Mrs T. J. McConnell has recovered from a severe attack of erysipelas.

Ben Drennan has gone to Missouri to visit his relatives and friends.

Thos A. Murray visited H. R. Stenbridge Saturday.

W. H. Woolf, one of the oldest and best citizens of this section, is in feeble health.

Dr W. C. Kemp has gone back to the medical school at Louisville.

John A. Wood, of Oklahoma, is spending several months at his old home here.

J. L. Woodside has a new girl at his house.

G. W. Sutton has moved to the Star community.

Born to the wife of Quincey Wilson, a fine girl baby; all doing well.

FREDONIA AND KELSEY.

Geo Stone and Tom Ordway went to Marion Monday.

Will Rice Jackson, who was accidentally crippled while on a visit to friends near Cadiz, came home Monday; he has to use a crutch yet but is much better.

Indications now are that our

obacco men will begin operations when tobacco comes in order.

Rev Miller filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening.

Several of our boys went to Dycusburg Sunday; they returned Monday.

Rev Reid has been very sick but is some better.

L. L. Hill, of Louisville, visited his uncle, Bud Hill, near town, Sunday.

Mr Will Rice, familiarly known as Grandpap Rice, is very sick, and his many friends and relatives are alarmed at his condition.

The barber shop at Kelsey has changed hands and the public will find a neat shop and a good barber to wait on them.

Nearly all the ice houses in our vicinity were filled last week.

Smith Bugg of Morganfield was here last week.

We are going to increase our stock in all departments, so give us a call when in need of any dry goods, shoes, groceries and all kinds of shelf hardware.

S. C. Bennett & Sons.

MATTOON.

Measles are still raging in our midst.

Uncle Joe Merritt is on the sick list.

Will Fowler and family of Weston were here Sunday.

Tom Manley called on his best girl at Gladstone Sunday evening.

Mack Brantley of Gladstone, came over to see his father Sunday.

Dr Franklin of Rosebud was in this community Sunday.

Owen and Lewis Roberts have the measles.

O. T. Fletcher of Blackford has been here working for Frank Hughes.

Alvis Newcomb sold a nice lot of hogs Saturday.

Isaac McCormick, Field Crider and Tom Henry have been appointed as a sanitary committee for this community.

Miss Winne Wilcox of Gladstone was here Tuesday.

Field Crider and Dr. Newcomb were in the Weston neighborhood Thursday.

A M Slayton of Marion passed through here Saturday.

Frank Hughes, who has been prospecting for mineral upon his farm, for several weeks, has uncovered fine specimens of lead ore at a depth of 30 feet. He is operating the shaft under the direction of one of the best miners of Indiana. It is said they took out several large lumps of galena Saturday. Mr. Hughes farm lies one mile south of this place, and is exactly on the county mineral survey.

HEBRON.

Dick Miles spent a few days with friends at Fords Ferry during Christmas.

Carl Flanary talks of going to Mississippi soon.

Miss Maggie Franks spent Christmas at home.

Mrs Fanny Cook and children spent Christmas in the Rodney neighborhood.

Newt Weldon spent several days on Tradewater last week.

John Nunn of Applegate neighborhood spent several days with his sister, Mrs Valeria Weldon, last week.

C. C. Cook of Fort Smith, Ark., is visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Chas Donakey is fixing to move from this section to the Siloam section.

Sherley Hale, of Salem, spent some days with John Alvis during Christmas.

J. J. May of Carversville was in this section on business a few days ago.

R. L. Yeakey of Marion spent some days at Fords Ferry last week.

We Have Just Received a Car Load of

Pittsburg Perfect Woven Wire Fence,

The best on earth. And we are prepared to make you the very best prices. Don't buy your fencing without examining ours and getting our prices.

We have just received a full line of BLOUNT'S TRUE BLUE PLOWS and Repairs. We have a full line of VULCAN and OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS and Repairs. We also have the

Studebaker and Mogul Wagons,

in all sizes. In fact we have everything found in an up to date Hardware Store. We want your patronage and will always make it to your interest to come to see us.

YOURS TRULY,

COCHRAN & PICKENS.

Our pastor, Rev Given, failed to fill his appointment at this place the first Sunday in this month.

The river is full of floating ice this week; a few more cold nights and it will be blocked.

Our merchant, Mr. Herrin, is hauling his goods from Marion on account of ice in the river.

BAKER.

E. L. Nunn spent Sunday in Blackford.

C. E. Dye closed his school at this place Friday.

F. E. Davis closed his school at Gladstone June 2d.

Charley Clift hauled a load of coal to Marion last Friday, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of the weather.

Tom Henry lost a fine mare last Wednesday.

Almer Thurman, of Blackford, visited J. W. Taylor and family Sunday.

Most all of the telephone posts have been delivered between Mattoon and Sturgis.

Social suppers are very frequent now, but Ed. Mayes doesn't like to have his pies padded with cotton, as it gets between his teeth.

Miss Clara Nunn and her sister Addie returned from their visit near Owensboro, last week.

Your humble servant was present at the services at St. Vincent Catholic church in Union county Sunday following Christmas. It was quite a novelty to me, it being the first service in catholicism that I ever witnessed. They are very devout in their worship. After service I was driven to the home of Mr. Richard Allen where a splendid dinner, the cooking Mr. Editor of which would have made your mouth water, was waiting, with a fine turkey occupying the center of the table. You may wager your last penny that I did ample justice to that feast—or at least Mrs. Allen doubtless thinks so.

REPTON.

John H. Smith, who has been visiting relatives in Union county, returned Sunday.

Ed Barnett, of Henderson, was in our town Tuesday.

G. L. Klug of Henshaw, called Sunday.

Willie Howerton, who has been in Missouri some weeks returned Sunday.

Ladies prayer meeting has been changed from Wednesday to Saturday afternoon.

The Harmon extra crew of this place is building a sidetrack for the Crittenden Coal Coke Co. near DeKoven.

J. W. Branson returned home Saturday after a lengthy visit to friends in Indiana.

Miss Edith Dalton, of Bordley, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Vida Tiliord has been on the sick list several days.

Wm Pogue of Evansville was in town Wednesday.

Mrs T A Harmon who has been visiting relatives near Blowing Springs, has returned home.

Mr Cook of Wheatcroft has removed to this place.

J. W. Thurman is building an addition to his residence.

Clide Watson, who has been ill several days is out again.

The little daughter of James Franks is in a critical condition said to be caused from a frost bite

THE PRESS PRINTING AND JOB ROOMS!

are equipped and ready for all kinds of Job Work

Wedding Invitations and Announcements,

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Embossed and Lithographed Work, Monograms, :: :: :: etc. :: :: ::

Engraved and Printed in the Newest and most Delicate tints.

In fact we are prepared to do any kind of work; our prices are right.

Samples cheerfully sent on application or can be seen at our office.

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS.

Up-Stairs Rear Marion Bank. Rooms 1, 2 and 3, to the Right.

R. J. MORRIS Dentist,

Office over Marion Bank

MARION, KY

Woods & Orme, LEADING DRUGGISTS.

School Supplies, Diamond Dyes, all sizes Glass.

Prescriptions Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night

of over a year ago; she is in a helpless condition but there are hopes of her recovery.

Dr H D Roberts has been on sick list several days.

John Sullivan, of our city, left last week for Morganfield to take charge of the section.

Richard Lewis, of Piney, has moved to our neighborhood. He expects to secure a position with the I. C. railroad.

LOLA.

The young people are having a good many parties in this community, and report a nice time at all of them.

Eddie Slaydon of Missouri, has returned home to visit his parents H. A. Slaydon and wife of this place.

S L Watson of this place has moved near Smithland; we regret to lose him.

Henry Crawford and wife lost their baby, Tracy, a few days ago, of congestion.

There is a good deal of sickness in this community; bad colds are prevalent.

Mrs T J Ferrell is very sick at this time, but is reported to be a little better.

H A. Slaydon is improving; is able to sit up some.

We are very anxious to know what the telephone company intends to do. The two years contract with the company was out on the 11th inst.

R. L. Foster of this place has gone to Joy to engage in the dry goods business. He has bought a half interest with Henry Minick.

Lawrence Bishop, of Joy, was in our town a few days ago. Lawrence is a hustler and a business man. He reports having moved into their new house. The style of the firm will be Bishop & Rice.

A Noted Divine.

Rev Carlisle P B Martin of Waverly, Texas writes: "Of a morning, when first arising I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm, which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." 25c, 50c and 1.00.